

# ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND.

K.

OF  
BEING A

## COMPLETE HISTORY

OF ALL THE

### NOTABLE AND MERRY EXPLOITS

PERFORMED

### BY HIM AND HIS MEN,

ON

### DIVERS OCCASIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

## A PREFACE,

GIVING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HIS BIRTH,  
LIFE, &c.



*Adorned with Twenty-seven Neat and Curious CUTS.*

*proper to the Subject of each SONG.*

NOTTINGHAM:

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# PREFACE.

TO THE

READER.

**T**HERE is scarce any Story so little known, for one very popular as that of ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN.—Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion of an unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but they are grossly mistaken it is very certain: For King Richard the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrificed every Thing to it, and ruined himself; and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the Infidels of the Holy Land, where he went in Person. The intestine Troubles of England were very great at that Time; and even John the King's Brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take Possession of his Kingdom. This was an Opportunity which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no Means neglect, and England was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst those none made so considerable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of Nottingham. Besides Little John, he had an hundred Bowmen in his Retinue, but none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the good that lay in his Power.—Of the Rich, he seldom abused those he robbed; and never offered to stop or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done his Country in War. But having riotously spent his Estate, he took that way of Living, rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England, endeavouring all he could to suppress those Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of Robin Hood, and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their Attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by Force, and Art by Cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in order to be better taken Care of) to Berkleys, a Nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let Blood; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great Temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed; and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to Death about the latter End of 1195.







## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND, &c.



1. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of ROBIN HOOD, with CLORINDA, Queen of Titbury Feast.*

*Supposed to be related by a Fidler, who played at their Wedding.*



**K**IND Gentlemen, will you be  
silent awhile?

Ay, and then you shall hear anon  
A very good Ballad of bold Robin  
Hood;  
And of his Man brave Little  
John.

In Locksley Town, in merry Not-  
tinghamshire,

In merry sweet Locksley Town,  
There bold Robin Hood was born  
and bred,

Bold Robin of famous Renown:  
The Father of Robin a Forester was  
And he shot with a lusty strong

Bow,  
Two North Country Miles and an  
Inch at a shoot,

As the Pinder of Wakefield does  
know;

For he brought Adam Bell, and  
Clim of the Clough,  
And William a Clowdel lee,  
To shoot with our Forester for 40  
Marks,

And the Forester beat them all  
three.

His Mother was Neice to the Co-  
ventry Knight;  
Which Warwickshire Men call  
Sir Guy,

For he slew the Blue Boar that  
hangs up at the Gate,

Or my host at the Bull tells a Lie,  
Her Brother was Gamewell, of  
Great Gamewell Hall,

A noble housekeeper was he,  
 Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet  
 Nottinghamshire,  
 And a 'Squire of famous Degree.  
 The Mother of Robin said to her  
 Husband,  
 My Honey, my Love, and my  
 Dear,  
 Let Robin and I ride this Morning  
 to Gamewell.  
 To taste of my Brother's good  
 Cheer,  
 And he said, I grant thee thy Boon  
 gentle Joan;  
 Take one of my Horses, I pray,  
 The Sun is arising, and therefore  
 make haste,  
 For To-morrow is Christmas-  
 Day.  
 Then Robin Hood's Grey Gelding  
 was brought,  
 And saddled and bridled was he,  
 God wot a blue Bonnet, his new  
 Suit of Cloaths,  
 And a Cloak that did reach his  
 Knee.  
 She got on her Holiday Kirtle and  
 Gown,  
 They were all of a Lincoln  
 Green;  
 The Cloth was home-spun, but for  
 Colour and Make,  
 It might have beseeemed a Queen.  
 And then Robin got on his Basket  
 hilt Sword,  
 And his Dagger on the other Side  
 And said, my dear Mother, let's  
 haste to be gone,  
 We have forty long Miles to ride  
 When Robin was mounted on his  
 Gelding so grey,  
 His Father, without any more  
 Trouble,  
 Set her up behind him, and bid her  
 not fear,  
 For his Gelding had oft carried  
 double.  
 And when she was settled, they rode  
 to the Neighbours,

And drank and shook Hands with  
 them all;  
 And then Robin gallop'd, and ne-  
 ver gave o'er,  
 'Till they lighted at Gamewell  
 Hall.  
 And now you may think the right  
 worshipful 'Squire  
 Was joyful his Sister to see;  
 For he kiss'd her, and kiss'd her,  
 and swore a great Oath,  
 Thou art welcome kind Sister, to  
 me.  
 The Morrow when Mass had been  
 said in the Chapel,  
 Six Tables were covered in the  
 Hall,  
 And in comes the 'Squire, and  
 makes a short Speech,  
 It was, Gentlemen, you're wel-  
 come all.  
 But not a Man here shall taste my  
 March Beer,  
 'Till a Christmas Carol he does  
 sing;  
 Then all clapp'd their Hands, and  
 they shouted and sung,  
 'Till the Hall and the Parlour did  
 ring.  
 Now Mustard and Brawn, Roast  
 Beef and Plumb Pies,  
 Were set upon every Table.  
 And noble George Gamewell said  
 eat, and be merry,  
 And drink too, as long as you're  
 able.  
 When Dinner was ended, his Chap-  
 lain said Grace;  
 And be merry, my Friends, said  
 the 'Squire;  
 It rains and it blows; but call for  
 more Ale,  
 And lay some more Wood on  
 the Fire.  
 And now call ye Little John hither  
 to me,  
 For Little John is a fine Lad,  
 And Gambols and Juggling, and so  
 such Tricks, As



As shall make you both merry  
and glad.  
When Little John came, to Gam-  
bols they went,  
Both Gentlemen, Yeoman and  
Clown:  
And what do you think? Why, as  
true as I live,  
Bold Robin Hood put them all  
down.  
And now you may think the right  
worshipful 'Squire  
Was joyful this Sight for to see;  
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou  
go'st no more Home,  
But tarry and dwell here with  
me.  
Thou shalt have my Land when I  
die, and 'till then  
Thou shalt be the Staff of my  
Age,  
Then grant me my Boon, dear Un-  
cle, said Robin,  
That Little John may be my Page  
And he said, kind Cousin, I grant  
thee thy Boon;  
With all my Heart, so let it be,  
Then come hither Little John said  
Robin Hood,  
Come hither my Page unto me:  
Go fetch me my Bow, my longest  
Bow.  
[ And broad Arrows one, two, or  
three;  
For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll  
into Sherwood,  
Some merry Pastime to see.  
When Robin Hood came into mer-  
ry Sherwood,  
He winded his Bugle so clear;  
And twice five and twenty good  
Yeomen and bold,  
Before Robin Hood did appear.  
Where are your Companions all,  
said Robin Hood,  
For still I want Forty & Three;  
Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo,  
yonder they stand,  
All under a green-Wood Tree.

As that Word was spoke, Clorinda  
came by,  
The Queen of the Shepherds was  
she;  
And her Gown was of Velvet as  
green as the Grass,  
And her Buskin did reach to her  
knee:  
Her Gait it was graceful, her Body  
was straight,  
And her Countenance it was free  
from Pride:  
A Bow in her hand, and a Quiver  
of Arrows,  
Hung dangling by her sweet Side  
Her Eye Brows were black, ay, and  
so was her Hair,  
And her Skin was as smooth as  
Glass,  
Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Mo-  
desty to;  
Sets with Robin Hood, such a  
Lass?  
Says Robin Hood, fair Lady, whi-  
ther away?  
O whither, fair Lady, away?  
And she made him answer, To kill  
a fat Buck,  
For To-morrow is Titbury Day.  
Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, will  
you wander with me  
A little to yonder green Bower,  
There sit down to rest you, and you  
shall be sure  
Of a Brace, or a Leash, in an  
Hour.  
And as we were going towards the  
green Bower,  
Two hundred good Bucks we  
espy'd;  
She chose out the fattest that was  
in the Herd,  
And shot him thro' Side & Side  
By the Faith of my Body, said bold  
Robin Hood,  
I never saw Woman like thee;  
And com'st thou from East, or  
com'st thou from West,  
Thou need'st not beg Venison of me

## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

However, along to my Bower you  
 shall go,  
 And taste of a Forester's Meat;  
 And when we came thither, we  
 found as good Cheer,  
 As any Man needs for to eat.  
 For there was hot Ven'son, and  
 Warden Pies cold,  
 Cream clouted, and Honey-comb  
 plenty,  
 And the Servitors, there were, be-  
 side little John,  
 Good Yoemen at least four and  
 twenty,  
 Clorinda said, tell me your name,  
 gentle Sir,  
 And he said, 'tis bold Robin  
 Hood;  
 'Squire Gamewell's my Uncle, but  
 all my delight  
 Is to dwell in the merry Sher-  
 wood;  
 For 'tis a fine Life, and 'tis void  
 of all Strife,  
 So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd.  
 But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet  
 would it be,  
 If Clorinda would be my bride!  
 She blush'd at the Motion; yet,  
 after a Pause,  
 Said, yes, Sir, and with all my  
 Heart;  
 Then let us send for a Priest, said  
 Robin Hood,  
 And be married before we do part.  
 But she said, it may not be so, gen-  
 tle Sir,  
 For I must be at Tithbury Feast:  
 And if Robin Hood will go thither  
 with me,  
 I'll make him the most welcome  
 Guest.  
 Said Robin Hood, reach me that  
 Buck, Little John,  
 For I'll go along with my dear,  
 And bid my Yeomen kill six Brace  
 of Bucks,  
 And meet me To-morrow just  
 here,

Before he had ridden five Stafford-  
 shire Miles,  
 Eight Yeomen that were too  
 bold,  
 Bid bold Robin Hood stand, and  
 deliver his Bucks,  
 A truer Tale never was told.  
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin,  
 Come John,  
 Stand by me, and we'll beat them  
 all.  
 Then both drew their Sworde, and  
 so cut 'em and slash'd 'em,  
 That Five of the Eight did fall.  
 The Three that remain'd call'd to  
 Robin for Quarter,  
 And pitiful John begg'd their  
 Lives.  
 When John's Boon was granted,  
 he gave them good Counsel.  
 And so sent them home to their  
 Wives.  
 This Battel was fought near to Tit-  
 bury Town,  
 Where the Bag-pipes baited the  
 Bull;  
 I'm the King of the Fidler's, and I  
 swear 'tis Truth;  
 And I call him that doubts it a  
 Gull;  
 For I saw them fighting, and fid-  
 dled the while;  
 And Clorinda sung, 'Hey derry  
 'down!  
 'The Bumkins are beaten; put up  
 thy Sworb Bob;  
 And now let's dance into the  
 Town.  
 Before we came in it we heard a  
 strange shouting,  
 And all that were in it look'd  
 madly!  
 For some were a Bull-back, some  
 dancing a Morice,  
 And some singing Arthur a  
 Bradley.  
 And there we saw Thomas, our  
 Justice's Clerk,  
 And Mary to whom he was kind



# ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

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For Tom rode before her, and Ma-  
ry call'd Madam,  
And kiss'd her full sweetly be-  
hind;  
And so may your worships. But  
we went to Dinner.  
With Thomas, and Mary, and  
Nan;  
They all drank a Health to Clorin-  
da, and told her,  
Bold Robin was a fine Man.  
When Dinner was ended, Sir Roger  
the Parson  
Of Dunbridge was sent for in  
Haste;  
He brought his Mats Book, & bid  
them take Hands.  
And he join'd them in Marriage  
full fast.  
And then, as bold Robin Hood &  
his sweet Bride  
Went Hand in Hand unto the  
green Bower,  
The Birds sung with Pleasure in  
merry Sherwood,  
And it was a most joyful Hour.  
And when Robin came in Sight of  
the Bower,  
Where are my Yeomen? said he;  
And Little John answer'd, Lo, yon-  
der they stand,

All under a Green-Wood Tree.  
Then a Garland they brought her,  
by two and two,  
And placed it on the Bride's  
Head;  
The Music struck up, and we all  
fell a Dancing,  
'Till the Bride and the Bride-  
groom were a-bed,  
And what they did there must be  
Counsel to me,  
Because they lay long the next  
Day;  
And I made haste Home; but I got  
a good Piece  
Of the Bride Cake, and so came  
away.  
Now out, alas! I had forgotten to  
tell ye,  
That married they were with a  
Ring;  
And so will Nan Knight, or be bu-  
ry'd a Maiden;  
And now let us pray for the  
King,  
That he may get Children, and  
they may get more,  
To govern and do us some good,  
And then I'll make Ballads in Ro-  
bin Hood's Bower,  
And sing them in merry Sherwood.



2. *ROBIN HOOD's Progress to NOTTINGHAM, in which he slew  
FIFTEEN FORESTERS,*

*To the Tune of ROBIN HOOD, &c.*



**R**OBIN Hood was a tall young  
Man,  
Derry, derry down,  
Full fifteen Winters old,  
And Robin Hood, was a proper  
young man,  
Of courage stout and bold.  
Heydown, derry, derry down.  
Robin Hood went unto fair Not-  
tingham,  
With the general for to dine.  
There was he aware of fifteen fo-  
resters,  
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.  
What News? what News? said bold  
Robin Hood,  
What News fain would'st thou  
know?  
Our King has provided a shooting  
match,  
And I am ready with my bow.  
We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen  
foresters,  
That ever a boy so young  
Should bear a bow before our king,  
That's not able to draw a string.  
I'll hold you 20 Marks, said bold  
Robin Hood,  
By the leave of our Lady,  
That I'll hit the Mark an hundred  
Rood,

And I'll cause a Hart to die.  
We'll hold you 20 Marks, then said  
the Foresters,  
By the leave of our Lady,  
Thou hit not the Mark an hundred  
Rood,  
Nor cause the Hart to die.  
Robin Hood he bent up a noble  
good bow,  
And a broad arrow he let fly;  
He hit the mark an hundred rood,  
And caused a Hart to die.  
Some say he broke ribs one or two,  
And some say he broke three;  
The arrow in the hart would not  
abide,  
But glanc'd in two or three.  
The hart did skip, and the hart did  
leap,  
And the hart lay on the ground;  
The wager is mine, said Robin  
Hood,  
If it were for a thousand pounds,  
The wager is none of thine, said the  
Foresters.  
Although thou be'st in haste;  
Take up thy bow, and get thee  
hence,  
Lest we thy sides should baste.  
Robin Hood took up his noble good  
bow,

And



And his broad arrows all amain,  
And Robin being pleas'd, began to  
smile

As he went over the plain.  
Then Robin he bent his noble good  
bow,

And his broad arrows he let fly,  
Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters  
Upon the ground did lie.

He that did the quarrel first begin,  
Went tripping over the plain;  
But R. Hood bent his noble good

bow,  
And fetch'd him back again.

You said I was no archer, said R.  
Hood,

But say so now again.  
With that he sent another arrow  
after him,

Which split his head in twain.  
You have found me an archer, says  
bold Robin Hood,

Which will make your wifes to  
drying,

And wish that you never had said  
the word,

That I could not have drawn one  
string.

The people that did live in fair Not-  
tingham

Came running out amain.  
Supposing to have taken bold Robin

Hood,  
With the foresters that were slain

Some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some did lose their blood.

But Robin he took up his noble  
good bow.

And is gone to the merry green  
wood

They carry'd these foresters to fair  
Nottingham.

As many there did know,  
They digg'd them graves in their

church-yard,  
And they bury'd them all on a

row.



3. *Shewing how the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, fought with R. Hood,  
W. Scarlet, and Little John, on a long Summer's Day.*

*To an excellent Northern Tune.*



**I**N Wakefield there lives a jolly  
Pinder,  
In Wakefield all on the Green,  
In Wakefield all on the Green,  
There is neither knight nor squire

said the Pinder,  
Nor Baron so bold,  
Nor Baron so bold,  
Dare make a trespass on the town of  
Wakefield, But

But his pledge goes to the pinfold  
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold  
 All this he heard 3 witty young men  
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and  
 John;  
 With that they espy'd the jolly  
 pinder,  
 As he sat under a thorn.  
 Now turn again, now turn again,  
 said the pinder,  
 For a wrong way you have gone;  
 For you have forsaken the King's  
 highway,  
 And make a path over the corn.  
 O that were a shame, said jolly  
 Robin;  
 We being three and thou but one,  
 The pinder leap'd back then thirty  
 good feet,  
 'Twas thirty good foot and one.  
 He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,  
 And his foot against a stone,  
 And there he fought a long Sum-  
 mer's day,  
 And a Summer's day so long;  
 Till that their swords in their broad  
 bucklers,  
 Were broken fast in their hands,  
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said  
 Robin Hood,  
 And my merry men every one;  
 For this is one of the best pinders,

That ever I try'd with a sword,  
 And wilt thou now forsake thy pin-  
 der's craft,  
 And live in the green wood with  
 me;  
 At Michaelmas next my covenant  
 comes out,  
 When every man gathers his fee,  
 Then I'll take my blue blade in my  
 hand,  
 And plod to the green wood with  
 thee.  
 Hast neither meat or drink, said R.  
 Hood,  
 For my merry men and me?  
 I have both bread and beef, said the  
 pinder,  
 And good ale of the best;  
 And that's good meat enough, said  
 Robin Hood,  
 For such unbidden guests.  
 O wilt thou forsake thy pinders  
 craft,  
 And go to the g. wood with me?  
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in  
 the year,  
 The i green and the other brown,  
 If Michaelm. once was come & gone,  
 And my master had paid me my  
 fee,  
 Then would I set as little by him,  
 As my master doth by me.

4. *Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old Woman's House, and changed Clothes with her, to escape from the Bishop; and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.*



COME, gentlemen all and listen awhile, | With a hey down, down and a down, | And



And a story to you I'll unfold?  
I'll tell you how R. Hood served the  
Bishop

When he robbed him of his gold.  
As it fell out on a sun shining day,  
When Phœbus was in her prime  
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good  
In mirth would spend some time.  
And as he walk'd the forest along,  
Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a proud Bi-  
shop,

And all his company.  
O what shall I do, said Robin Hood  
then

If the Bishop he doth take me?  
No mercy he'll shew unto me, I  
know;

Therefore away I'll flee.  
Then R. was stout, and turn'd him  
about,

And a little house did he 'spy;  
And to an old wife, to spare his life,  
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou, said the old  
woman,

Come tell to me for good?  
I am an Outlaw, as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the Bishop and all his  
men;

And if that I taken be,  
Then day and night he'll work my  
spite,

And hanged I shall be.  
If thou be R. Hood, said the old  
woman,

As thou dost seem to be,  
I'll for thee provide thy person to  
hide

From the Bishop and his company  
For I remember one Saturday night  
Thou brought'st me both shoes and  
hose;

Therefore I'll provide thy person to  
hide,

And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of grey,  
And take thou my mantle of  
green:

Thy spindle and twine unto me re-  
sign,

And take thou my arrows so keen  
And when that R. Hood was thus  
array'd,

He went trait to his company,  
With his spindle and twine he oft  
looks behind

For the Bishop and his company.  
O who is yonder, quoth Little John  
That now comes over the lee?

An arrow at her I will let fly,  
So like an old witch looks she:

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said  
Robin Hood then,

And shoot not thy arrows so keen  
I am Robin Hood, thy master good;  
As quickly shall be seen.

The Bishop he came to the old wo-  
man's house,

And called with a furious mood,  
Come, let me see, and bring unto  
me

That traitor Robin Hood.  
The old woman he sat on a milk-  
white steed,

Himself on a dapple grey;  
And for joy he had got Robin Hood  
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding along,  
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see  
A hundred brave bowmen, stout  
and bold,

Stand under the Green-wood Tree  
O who is yonder the Bishop then  
said,

That's ranging within yonder  
wood?

Marry, says the old woman, I think  
it is he,

A man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the Bishop he  
said,

Which I have here with me.

Why

Why I am a woman thou cuckoldly  
 Bishop,  
 Lift up my leg and fee.  
 Then woe is me, the Bishop he  
 said,  
 That ever I saw this day:  
 He turn'd him about, but R. Hood  
 stout.  
 Call'd to him and bid him stay.  
 Then Robin took hold of the Bi-  
 shop's horse,  
 And tied him fast to a tree;  
 Then Little John smil'd his master  
 upon,  
 For joy of his company.  
 R. Hood took his mantle from his  
 back  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 And out of the bishop's portman-

tear he  
 Soon told five hundred pounds.  
 Now let him go, said Robin Hood;  
 Said Little John that must not be  
 For I vow and protest he shall sing  
 us a mass  
 Before that he goes from me.  
 Then R. Hood took the Bishop by  
 the hand  
 And bound him fast to a tree,  
 And made him sing a mass, god wot  
 To him and his yeomandre.  
 And then they brought him through  
 the wood,  
 And set him on his dapple-grey,  
 And gave him the tail within his  
 hand;  
 And bid him for Robin Hood  
 pray.



### 5. ROBIN HOOD and the BUTCHER.

*Shewing how he robbed the SHERIFF of NOTTINGHAM.*

*Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.*



**C**OME all you brave gallants, A jolly butcher, with a fine mare,  
 listen a while, With his flesh to market did hve,  
 With a hey down, down, and a Good morrow, good fellow, said jol-  
 down, ly Robin,  
 That are this bower within; What food hast thou, tell unto  
 For of bold Robin Hood, that ar- me;  
 cher good, Thy trade to me, tell, and where  
 A song I intend to sing. thou dost dwell,  
 Upon a time it chance I so, For I like well thy company.  
 Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy The butcher he answered jolly Robin  
 No



No matter where I dwell;  
 For a butcher I am, and to Not-  
 tingham  
 I am going my flesh to sell.  
 What's the price of thy flesh? said  
 jolly Robin,  
 Come tell it unto me;  
 And the price of thy mare, be she  
 ever so dear,  
 For a butcher I fain would be  
 The price of my flesh, the butcher  
 reply'd,  
 I soon will tell unto thee;  
 With my bonny mare, they are not  
 dear,  
 Four marks thou must give unto  
 me.  
 Four marks I will give thee, said  
 jolly Robin,  
 Four marks it shall be thy fee;  
 The money come count, and let me  
 mount,  
 For a butcher I fain would be.  
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham  
 gone,  
 His butcher's trade to begin;  
 With a good intent to the sheriff he  
 went,  
 And there he took up his inn.  
 When other butchers did open their  
 shops,  
 Bold Robin he then begun;  
 But how for to sell he knew not  
 well,  
 For a butcher he was but young,  
 When the other butchers no meat  
 could sell,  
 Robin he got both gold and fee;  
 For he sold more meat for one penny  
 Than others could do for three.  
 But when he sold his meat so fast,  
 No butcher by him could thrive;  
 For he sold more meat for one penny  
 Than others could do for five.  
 Which made the butchers of Not-  
 tingham  
 To study as they did stand,  
 Saying, surely, he was some pro-  
 digal,

That had sold his father's land;  
 The butchers stepp'd up to jolly R.  
 Acquainted with him to be;  
 Come, brother, one said, we be all  
 of one trade,  
 Come, will you go dine with me?  
 Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly R.  
 That a butcher will deny;  
 I will go with you, my brethren  
 true,  
 As fast as I can hie.  
 But when they to the sheriff's house  
 came,  
 To dinner they hied apace;  
 And R. Hood he the man must be,  
 Before them all to say grace.  
 Pray God blefs us all, said jolly R.  
 And our meat within this place;  
 A cup of sack so good will nourish  
 our blood,  
 And so I end my grace.  
 Come fill us more wine said jolly R.  
 Let's be merry while we stay;  
 For wine and good cheer, be it ever  
 so dear,  
 I vow I the reck'ning will pay.  
 Come, brothers, be merry, said jol-  
 ly Robin,  
 Let's drink and ne'er give o'er,  
 For the shot I will pay, ere I go my  
 way,  
 If it costs me five pounds or more  
 This is a mad blade; the butchers  
 then said,  
 Says the sheriff he's some prodi-  
 gal,  
 That some land has sold for silver  
 and gold,  
 And now he doth mean to spend  
 all.  
 Hast thou any horn'd beasts said the  
 sheriff,  
 Good fellow to sell to me?  
 Yes, that I have, good master sheriff  
 I have hundreds two or three,  
 And a hundred acres of good free  
 land,  
 If you please it for to see; And

And I'll make you a good assurance  
 of it,  
 As ever my father did me.  
 The sheriff he saddled his good pal-  
 frey,  
 And took three hundred pounds  
 in gold;  
 And away he went with R. Hood,  
 His horned beasts to behold.  
 Away then the sheriff and Robin did  
 ride,  
 To the forest of merry Sherwood;  
 Then the sheriff did say, God bless  
 us this day  
 From a man they call R. Hood:  
 But when a little farther they came,  
 Bold Robin he chanted to 'spy,  
 An hundred herd of good fat deer  
 Come tripping the sheriff full  
 nigh.  
 How like you my horned beasts,  
 good master sheriff?  
 They be fat and fair to see,  
 I tell thee, good fellow, I would I  
 were gone,  
 For I like not thy company.  
 Then Robin fet his horn to his  
 mouth,

And blew out blasts two or three;  
 Then quickly and anon, there came  
 Little John,  
 And all his company.  
 What is your will, master, then  
 said little John,  
 I pray come tell unto me?  
 I have brought hither the sheriff of  
 Nottingham,  
 This day to dine with thee.  
 He is welcome to me then, said Lit-  
 tle John,  
 I hope he will honestly pay;  
 I know he has gold; if it were but  
 well told,  
 Will serve us to drink a whole day  
 Then Robin took his mantle from  
 his back,  
 And laid it upon the ground;  
 And out of the sheriff's portman-  
 teau he  
 Soon told five hundred pounds.  
 Then R. he brought him thro' the  
 wood,  
 And set him on his dapple grey;  
 O have me commended to your wife  
 at home,  
 So Robin went laughing away.



## 6. ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER;

Or, ROBIN HOOD met with his Match.

*Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.*



**I**N Nottingham there lives a jolly  
 tanner,  
 With a hey-down, down, & a down,  
 His name is Arthur a Bland;  
 There



There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire,

Dare bid bold Arthur stand.  
With a long pike staff upon his shoulder,

So well he can clear his way;  
By two and by three he makes them  
to flee,  
For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth one summer's morning,

Into the forest of merry Sherwood  
To view the red deer, which run  
here and there,

There met he bold Robin Hood.  
And as soon as bold Robin did him  
espy,

He thought he some sport would  
make;

Therefore out of hand he bid him to  
stand,

And thus unto him he spake.  
Why, who art thou, thou bold fel-  
low,

That range'st so boldly here?  
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st  
like a thief,

That comes to steal our king's  
deer.

For I am a keeper in this forest,  
The king puts me in trust,

To look to his deer, that run here  
and there;

Therefore stop thee I must.  
If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,

And hath such a great command.  
Yet you must have more partakers  
in store,

Before you make me to stand.  
No, I have no partakers in store,

Or any that I do need,  
But I have a staff of another oak  
graft,

I know it will do the deed,  
For thy sword and thy bow I care  
not a straw,

Nor all thy arrows to boot;  
If thou get's a knock upon thy scap,  
Thou can'st as well shoot as shoot.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said  
jolly Robin,

And give better terms unto me,  
Else I'll correct thee for thy neglect,  
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gap with a wanion, quoth  
Arthur a Bland,

Art thou such a goodly man?  
I care not a fig for your looking so  
big,

Mend yourself where you can.  
Then Robin Hood unbuckled his  
belt,

And laid down his bow so long,  
He took up a staff of another oak  
graft,

That was both stiff and strong.  
I yield to thy weapon, said jolly  
Robin,

Since thou wilt not yield to mine  
For I have a staff of another oak  
graft,

Not half a foot longer than thine,  
But let me measure, said jolly Robin,  
Before we begin the fray;

For I will not have mine to be longer  
than thine,

For that will be counted foul play  
I pass not for length, bold Arthur  
reply'd,

My staff is of oak so free;  
Eight foot and a half, it will knock  
down a calf,

And I hope it will knock down  
thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear  
But gave him a very good knock,  
But quickly and soon the blood it  
run down,

Before it was ten o'clock.  
Then Arthur soon recover'd him-  
self,

And gave him a knock on the  
crown,

That from every side of R. Hood's  
head

The blood run trickling down.  
Then R. Hood ranged like a wild  
bear,

As

As soon as he saw his own blood,  
Then Bland was in haste, he laid  
on so fast  
As if he had been cleaving of  
wood.  
And about, and about, and about  
they went,  
Like two wild bears in a chace.  
Striving to aim each other to maim  
Leg, arm, or any other place.  
And knock for knock they lustily  
dealt,  
Which held for two hours and  
more;  
That all the wood rang at every  
bang  
They ply'd their work so sore.  
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said  
Robin Hood,  
And let our quarrel fall:  
For here we thrash our bones all to  
mash,  
And get no coin at all,  
And in the forest of merry Sher-  
wood  
Hereafter thou shalt be free.  
God ha' mercy for nought; my free-  
dom I bought,  
I may thank my good staff, and  
not thee.  
What tradesmen art thou, said jolly  
Robin  
Good fellow I prithee me show?  
And also tell me in what place you  
dwell?  
For both of these fain would I  
know.  
I am tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,  
In Nottingham long have I  
wrought;  
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and  
swear,  
I'll tan thy hide for nought.  
God a mercy, good fellow, said jolly  
Robin,  
Since thou art so kind and free.  
And if thou wilt tan my hide for  
nought,  
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's  
trade  
To live in the green wood with  
me,  
My name is Robin Hood, I swear  
by the wood,  
To give both gold and fee.  
If thou be R. Hood, bold Arthur  
reply'd,  
As I think well thou art,  
Then here's my hand, my name's  
Arthur a-Bland,  
We two will never part.  
But tell me, O tell me, where is  
Little John,  
Of him I fain would hear;  
For we are ally'd by the mother's  
side,  
And he is my kinsman near.  
Then R. Hood blew on his bugle  
horn,  
He blew so loud and shrill;  
And quick and anon he saw Little  
John,  
Come tripping over the hill.  
O what is the matter? then said  
Little John,  
Master I pray you will tell,  
Why do you stand with your staff  
in hand,  
I fear all is not well,  
O man I do stand, and he makes me  
to stand,  
The tanner that stands by my  
side;  
He is a bonny blade, and master of  
his trade,  
For he has soundly tann'd my  
hide.  
He is to be commended, then said  
Little John,  
If he such a feat can do,  
If he be so stout, we will have a  
bout,  
And he shall tan my hide too.  
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said  
Robin Hood,  
For, as I do understand,  
He's



He's a ye-man good, and of thy  
own blood,  
For his name is Arthur a Bland.  
Then Little John threw his staff  
away,  
As far as he could fling,  
And ran out of hand to Arthur a  
Bland,  
And about his neck did cling.  
With loving respect, there was no  
neglect,  
They were neither nice nor coy;  
Each other did face with a lovely  
grace,

And both did weep for joy.  
Then Robin Hood took them both  
by the hand,  
And danced about the oak tree,  
For three merry men, and three  
merry men,  
And three merry men we be.  
And ever hereafter, as long as we  
live,  
We three will be all as one;  
The wood it shall ring, and the  
old wife sing  
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and  
John.

7. ROBIN HOOD and the Jolly TINKER.

*Tune of, In summer time, &c.*



**I**N summer time, when leaves  
grow green,  
Down, a down, a down,  
And birds sing on every tree,  
Hey down, a down, a down;  
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,  
Down, a down, a down,  
As fast as he could dree,  
Hey down, a down, a down.  
And as he came to Nottingham,  
A Tinker he did meet,  
And seeing him a lusty blade,  
He did him kindly greet;

Where dost thou dwell, quoth Ro-  
bin Hood,  
I pray thee now me tell;  
Sad news I hear there is abroad,  
I fear all is not well.  
What is that news, the Tinker said,  
Tell me without delay;  
I am a tinker by my trade,  
And do live at Banbury.  
As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,  
It is but as I hear,  
Two tinkers were set in the stocks,  
For drinking ale and beer.

If that be all, the Tinker said,  
 As I may say to you,  
 Your news is not worth a fart,  
 Since that they all be true.  
 For drinking of good ale and beer,  
 You will not lose your part;  
 No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,  
 I love it with all my heart.  
 What news abroad, quoth Robin  
 Hood,  
 Tell me what thou dost hear;  
 Being thou go'st from town to town  
 Some news thou need'st not fear.  
 All the news I have, the Tinker  
 said,  
 I hear it is for good,  
 It is to seek a bold outlaw,  
 Whom they call Robin Hood.  
 I have a warrant from the king,  
 To take him where I can;  
 If you can tell me where he is,  
 I will make you a man.  
 The king would give an hundred  
 pounds,  
 That he could but see him;  
 And if we can but now him get,  
 It will serve us well.  
 Let me see the warrant, said Robin  
 Hood,  
 I will see if it be true,  
 And I will do the best I can,  
 For to take him that night.  
 That will I not, the Tinker said,  
 None with it will I trust;  
 And where he is, if you'll not tell,  
 Take him by force I must.  
 But Robin Hood, perceiving well  
 How then the game would go,  
 If you will go to Nottingham,  
 We shall find him I know.  
 A crab-tree staff the Tinker had,  
 Which was both good and strong,  
 Robin he had a good strong blade;  
 So they went both along.  
 And when they came to Notting-  
 ham,  
 There they took up their inn;  
 And they called for ale and wine,  
 To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,  
 That the Tinker he forgot  
 What thing he was about to do,  
 It so fell to his lot,  
 That while the Tinker fell asleep,  
 Robin made haste away,  
 And left the Tinker in the lurch,  
 For the great shot to pay.  
 But when the Tinker did awake,  
 And saw that he was gone,  
 He called then for his host,  
 And thus he made his moan:  
 I had a warrant from the king,  
 Which might have done me good,  
 That is, to seek a bold outlaw,  
 Some call him Robin Hood;  
 But now the warrant and money's  
 gone,  
 Nothing I have to pay;  
 And he that promis'd to be my  
 friend,  
 Is gone and fled away.  
 That friend you speak of, said the  
 host,  
 They call him Robin Hood;  
 And when that he first met with  
 you,  
 He meant you little good.  
 Had I but known it had been he,  
 When that I had him here,  
 The one of us should have tied  
 our might,  
 Which should have paid full dear.  
 In the mean time I will away,  
 No longer here I'll bide,  
 But I will go and seek him out,  
 Whatever me betide.  
 But one thing I would gladly know,  
 What here I have to pay;  
 Ten shillings just then said the host,  
 I'll pay you without delay;  
 Or else take here my working bag,  
 And my good hammer too,  
 And if I light but on the knave,  
 I will then soon pay you.  
 The only way, then said the host,  
 And not to stand in fear,  
 Is to seek him amongst the parks,  
 Killing of the king's deer.

The



# ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

17

The Tinker he then went with speed,  
And made then no delay,  
Till he had found brave bold Robin  
Hood,  
That they might have a fray.  
At last he 'spi'd him in a park,  
Hunting then of the deer;  
What knave is that, quoth Robin  
Hood,  
That doth come me so near?  
No knave, no knave, the Tinker  
said,  
And that you soon shall know,  
Whether of us has done any wrong,  
My crab-tree staff shall show.  
Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
Made then of trusty steel;  
But the Tinker he laid on so fast,  
That he made Robin reel.  
Then Robin's anger did arise,  
He fought right manfully,  
Until he had made the Tinker  
Then almost fit to fly.  
With that they laid about again,  
And ply'd their weapons fast;  
The Tinker thrash'd his bones so  
fore,  
That he made him yield at last.  
A boon, a boon, then Robin cried,  
If thou wilt grant it me:  
Before I do it, the Tinker said,  
I'll hang upon this tree.

But the Tinker looking about him,  
Robin his horn did blow,  
Then came unto him Little John,  
And Will Scarlet also. [John,  
What is the matter, quoth Little  
You sit on the highway side?  
Here is a Tinker that stands by,  
That hath well paid my hide.  
That Tinker then, said Little John,  
Fain that blade would I see,  
And I will try what I can do,  
If he'll do as much for me.  
But Robin then he wish'd them both  
They would the quarrel cease,  
That henceforth we may be as one,  
And ever live in peace.  
And for the jovial Tinker's part,  
A hundred pounds I give  
In a year to maintain him on,  
As long as he doth live.  
In manhood he is a mettled man,  
And a metal man by trade;  
I never thought that any man  
Should have made him so afraid.  
And if he will be one of us  
We will take all one fare,  
And whatsoever we do get,  
He shall have his full share.  
So the Tinker he was content,  
With them to go along,  
And with them a part to take,  
And so I end my song.



8. **ROBIN HOOD** and **ALLEN-A-DALE**; or, *The Manner of*  
**ROBIN HOOD's** rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to  
 whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to **ALLEN-A-**  
**DALE**, her former Lover.

Tune of, Robin Hood in the green wood.



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
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| <p><b>C</b>OME listen to me, ye gallants<br/>         So free,<br/>         All you that love mirth for to<br/>         hear,<br/>         And I will tell you of a bold out-<br/>         law,<br/>         That lived in Nottinghamshire.<br/>         That lived in Nottinghamshire.<br/>         As Robin Hood in the forest stood,<br/>         All under a green wood tree,<br/>         There was he aware of a brave<br/>         young man,<br/>         As fine, as fine might be.<br/>         The youngster was cloathed in scar-<br/>         let red,<br/>         In scarlet fine and gay;<br/>         And he did frisk it over the plain,<br/>         And chaunted a roundelay.<br/>         As Robin Hood next morning stood<br/>         Amongst the leaves so gay,<br/>         There did he spy the same young<br/>         man,<br/>         Come drooping along the way.<br/>         The scarlet he wore the day before,<br/>         It was clean cast away:</p> | <p>At every step he fetch'd a sigh,<br/>         A lack and a well a day!<br/>         Then stepped forth brave Little<br/>         John,<br/>         And Midge the miller's son,<br/>         Which made the young man bend<br/>         his bow,<br/>         When as he see them come.<br/>         Stand off, stand off, the young man<br/>         said,<br/>         What is your will with me?<br/>         You must come before our master<br/>         strait,<br/>         Under yon green-wood tree,<br/>         And when he came bold Robin be-<br/>         fore,<br/>         Robin ask'd him courteously:<br/>         O hast thou any money to spare,<br/>         For my merry men and me?<br/>         I have no money, the young man<br/>         said,<br/>         But five shillings and a ring,<br/>         And this I have kept it these seven<br/>         long years,<br/>         To have it at my wedding.<br/>         Yesterday</p> |
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Yesterday I should have married a  
maid,  
But she from me was ta'en,  
And chosen to be an old Knight's  
delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.  
What is thy name? then said Robin  
Hood,  
Come tell me without any fail.  
By faith of my body, then said the  
young man,  
My name it is Allen a Dale.  
What wilt thou give me, said Ro-  
bin Hood,  
In ready gold and fee,  
To help thee to thy true-love again,  
And deliver her up unto thee?  
I have no money then quoth the  
young man,  
Nor ready gold or fee;  
But I will swear upon the book,  
Thy true servant to be.  
How many miles is it to thy true  
love?  
Come tell me without any guile:  
By faith of my body, then said the  
young man,  
It is but five little mile.  
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor linger,  
Until he came to the church  
Where Allen should keep his  
wedding.  
What dost thou here, the Bishop  
then said,  
I prithee now tell unto me?  
I am a bold Harper, quoth Robin  
Hood,  
And the best in the North-coun-  
try.  
O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop  
then said,  
That music best pleaseth me:  
You shall have no music, quoth Ro-  
bin Hood,  
Till the Bride and Bridegroom I  
see.  
With that came in a wealthy Knight

Which was both grave and old,  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like the glittering gold.  
This is not a fit match, quoth bold  
Robin Hood,  
That you do seem to make here;  
For, since we are come unto the  
church  
The Bride shall chuse her own  
dear.  
Then Robin Hood put his horn to  
his mouth,  
And blew out blast two or three,  
Then four and twen y bowmen  
bold  
Came leaping over the lee.  
And when they came unto the  
church-yard,  
Marching all on a row,  
The first man was Allen a Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.  
This is thy true love, Robin he said,  
Young Allen, as I hear say,  
And you shall be marry'd at the  
same time,  
Before we depart away.  
That shall not be, the Bishop he  
said,  
For thy word shall not stand;  
They shall be three times asked in  
the church,  
As the law is of our land. [coat,  
Robin Hood pull'd off the Bishop's  
And put it upon Little John;  
By the faith of my body, then Ro-  
bin he said,  
This cloth doth make thee a man:  
When Little John went to the choir  
The people began to laugh;  
He asked them seven times in the  
church,  
Lest three times should not be  
enough.  
Who gives this maid? said Little  
John:  
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;  
He that doth take her from Allen-  
a-Dale,

## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Full dearly shall her buy.  
And thus having ended this merry  
Wedding,  
The bride she look'd like a queen;

And so they return'd to the merry  
green wood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

9. ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD: shewing how ROBIN  
HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and the SHEPHERD fought a severe  
Combat.

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



ALL gentlemen and yeomen  
good,

Down, a down, a down.

I wish you to draw near;

For a story of bold Robin Hood

Unto you I will declare.

Down, a down, a down.

As Robin Hood walked the forest  
along,

Some pastime for to spy,

There was he aware of a jolly shep-  
herd,

That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,

And now come let me see

What's in thy bag and thy bottle I  
say,

Come tell it unto me.

What's that to thee, thou proud  
fellow,

Tell me as I do stand?

What hast thou to do with my bot-  
tle and bag?

Let me see thy command;

My sword that hangeth by my side

Is my command I know;

Come let me taste of thy bottle.

Or it may breed thee woe.

The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,

Of my bottle thou shalt see,

Until thy valour here be tried,

Whether thou fight or flee.

What shall we fight for? said Ro-  
bin Hood.

Come tell soon unto me:

Here's twenty pounds in good red  
gold,

Win it and take it thee.

The Shepherd stood all in amaze,

And knew not what to say;

I have no money, thou proud fel-  
low,

But bag and bottle I'll lay.

I am content, thou shepherd swain,

Fling them on the ground;

But I will breed thee mickle pain

To



# ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

21

To win my twenty pounds.  
Come draw thy sword, thou proud  
fellow,

Thou standest too long to prate;  
This hook of mine shall let thee  
know

A coward I do hate.  
So they fell to it full hard and fore,  
It was on a summer's day,

From ten till four in the afternoon  
The shepherd held him in play.

Robin's buckler proved his chief  
defence.

And saved him many a bang;  
For every blow the shepherd struck

Made Robin's sword cry bang.  
Many a blow the shepherd

gave,  
And that bold Robin found,

Till the blood ran trickling from  
his head.

Then he fell to the ground.  
Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,

And thou shalt have fair play,  
If thou wilt yield before thou go.

That I have won the day.  
A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,

If that a man thou be,  
Then let me have my bugle horn,

And blow out blasts three.  
Then said the Shepherd to bold

Robin,  
To that I will agree.

For if thou should'st blow till to-  
morrow morn

I scorn one foot to flee.  
Then Robin he set his horn to his

mouth,  
And he blew with might and

main,  
Until he spied Little John

Come tripping over the plain.  
Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,

That comes down yonder hill?  
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's

man,  
Shall fight with thee thy fill.

What is the matter, said Little John,  
Master, come tell unto me?

My case is bad, said Robin Hood,  
For the Shepherd hath conquer'd  
me.

I'm glad of that, said Little John,  
Shepherd turn thou unto me;  
For a bout with thee I mean to have

Either come fight or flee.  
With all my heart, thou proud fel-  
low,

For it shall never be said,  
That a shepherd's hook is thy stur-  
dy look

Will one for be dismay'd.  
So they fell to it both hard and fore,

Striving for victory.  
I will know, quoth John, ere we

give a lie.  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The Shepherd gave John a sturdy  
blow,

With his hook under his chin:  
Beslrew thy heart, faith Little John,

Thou bately dost begin.  
Nay, that is nothing, said the Shep-  
herd,

Either yield to me the day,  
Or I will bang thy back and side

Before thou goest thy way.  
What dost thou say, thou proud

fellow,  
That thou canst conquer me?

Nay thou shalt know, before thou go,  
I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the Shepherd laid on him,  
The Shepherd he began,

Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,  
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart, said Little John,  
To that I will agree;

For he is the flower of shepherd  
swains,

The like I ne'er did see.  
Thus have you heard of Robin

Hood,  
Also of Little John;

How a shepherd swain did conquer  
them.

The like was never known.



10. The famous Battle between **ROBIN HOOD** and the Curtal  
**FRIAR**, near Fountain-Dale.

To a Northern Tune.



**I**N summer, when the leaves grow  
green,  
And flowers are fresh and gay,  
Robin Hood and his merry men  
Were all disposed to play:  
Then some would leap, and some  
would run,  
And some would use artillery;  
Which of you can a good bow draw,  
A good archer to be?  
Which of you can kill a buck?  
Or who can kill a doe?  
Or who can kill a hart of Greece  
Five hundred feet him fro?  
Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,  
And Midge he did kill a doe,  
And Little John kill'd a hart of  
Greece  
Five hundred feet him fro:  
God's blessing on thy heart said Ro-  
bin Hood,  
That shot such a shot for me,  
I would ride my horse a hundred  
miles  
To find one would match thee.  
That caused Will Scarlet to laugh,  
He laugh'd full heartily!  
There lives a Friar near Fountain  
Abbey  
Will eat both him and thee.  
The curtal Friar in Fountain-Ab-  
bey  
Well can a strong bow draw,  
He will beat you and your yeomen,  
Set them all on a row!  
Robin Hood took a solemn oath,  
It was by Mary free,  
That he would neither eat nor  
drink  
Till the Friar he did see.  
Robin Hood put on his harness good  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broad sword and buckler by his  
And they became him weel. [side,  
He took his bow into his hand,  
It was of a trusty tie,  
With a sheaf of arrows by his side,  
And to Fountain Dale went he.  
And coming to fair Fountain-Dale  
No further would he ride,  
There was he aware of a curtal  
Friar  
Walking by the water side.  
The Friar had on a harness good,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
And they became him weel.  
Robin



Robin Hood lighted from off his horse,

And tied him to a thorn;

Carry me over the water thou curtal Friar,

Or else thy life's forlorn.

The Friar took Robin Hood on his back,

Deep water he did bestride,

And spoke neither good word nor bad

Till he came on the other side.

Lightly step Robin off the Friar's back,

The Friar said to him again,

Carry me over the water, thou fine fellow,

Or it shall breed thy pain.

Then Robin he took the Friar on his back,

Deep water he did bestride,

And spoke neither good word nor bad

Till he came on the other side.

Lightly leap'd the Friar off Robin Hood's back,

Bold Robin said to him again,

Carry me over the water thou curtal Friar,

Or it shall breed thy pain.

The Friar took Robin on his back again,

And step up to the knee,

And till he came to the middle stream

Neither good nor bad spoke he;

And coming to the middle stream,

There he threw Robin in;

And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,

Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,

The Friar to the willow wand;

Bold Robin he got to the shore,

And took his own bow in his hand,

One of the best arrows under his belt

To the Friar he let fly;

The curtal Friar with his steel buckler

Did put his arrows by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,

Shoot as thou hast begun,

If thou shoot here a summer's day

Thy arrow I will not shun.

Robin Hood shot so passing well,

Till his arrows all were gone;

They took their swords and steel bucklers,

And fought with might and main,

From ten o'clock that very day

Till four in the afternoon;

Then Robin Hood came on his knees,

Of the Friar to beg a boon:

A boon, a boon, thou curtal Friar,

I beg it on my knee;

Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,

And to blow out blasts three:

That I will do said the curtal Friar,

Of thy blasts I have no doubt;

I hope you'll blow so passing well

Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth

And blew out blasts three:

Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,

Came ranging over the lee.

Whose men are these said the Friar,

That come so hastily?

Those are mine, said Robin Hood,

Friar what's that to thee;

A boon, a boon, said the curtal Friar,

The like I gave to thee;

Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,

And to whute out whutes three:

That

That will I do, said Robin Hood,  
 Or else I were to blame;  
 Three whutes in a Friar's fist  
 Would make me glad and fain.  
 The Friar he set his fist to his  
 mouth,  
 And whuted him whutes three,  
 Till half a hundred good bay  
 dogs  
 Came running over the lee.  
 Here is for every man a dog,  
 And I myself for thee.  
 Nay, by my faith, said Robin  
 Hood,  
 Friar that may not be.  
 Two dogs at once to Robin did  
 go,  
 The one behind the other before,  
 Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln  
 green  
 From his back they tore:  
 And whether his men shot East  
 or West,  
 Or they shot North or South,  
 The curtal dogs, so taught they  
 were,  
 They caught the arrows in their  
 mouths.  
 Take up thy dogs, said Little  
 John,  
 Friar, at my bidding thee.  
 Whole man art thou, said the  
 curtal Friar,  
 Come here to prate at me?  
 I am Little John, Robin Hood's  
 man,  
 Friar, I will not lie;  
 If thou take not up thy dogs  
 anon,  
 I'll take them up, and thee.  
 Little John had a bow in his  
 hand,  
 He shot with might and main,  
 Soon half a score of the Friar's  
 dogs  
 Lay dead upon the plain.  
 Hold thy hand, good fellow, said  
 the curtal Friar,  
 Thy master and I will agree,  
 And we will have new orders  
 taken  
 With all the haste that may be.  
 If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain  
 Dale,  
 And Fountain Abbey free,  
 Every Sunday, throughout the  
 year,  
 A noble shall be thy fee;  
 Every Sunday, throughout the  
 year,  
 Changed shall thy garment be,  
 If thou wilt go to fair Notting-  
 ham,  
 And there remain with me.  
 The curtal Friar had kept Foun-  
 tain Dale  
 Seven long years and more;  
 There was neither Knight, Lord,  
 nor Earl,  
 Could make him yield before.





11. ROBIN HOOD newly revived; or his meeting and fighting  
with his Cousin SCARLET.

To a New Tune.



COME listen awhile you gentle-  
men all,

With a hey down, down, and a  
down,

That are this bower within;

Here a story of gallant Robin Hood

I propose now to begin.

What time of day, quoth Robin  
Hood:

Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime,

Why then we will to the green-  
wood gang,

For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood walked the forest  
along,

It was in the midst of the day,

There he was aware of a dainty  
young man,

As ever walked on the way.

His doublet was of silk he said,

His stockings like scarlet shone;

And bravely he walked along  
the way,

To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,

All feeding before his face;

Now the best of you I'll have to  
my dinner;

And that in a little space.

Now the stranger he made no  
mickle ado,

But he bent a right good bow,

And the best of all the herd he  
slew,

Full forty yards him fro.

Well shot, well shot, said Robin  
Hood then,

That shot it was in time,

And if thou wilt accept of the  
place,

Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of  
mine.

Go play the chiven, the stranger  
then said,

Make haste and quickly go,

Or with my fist, be sure of this,  
I'll give thee buffets store.

Thou hadst not best buffet me  
quoth Robin Hood,

For although I am forlorn,

Yet I have those that will take  
my part

If I do blow my horn.

Thou hadst not best wind thy  
horn, the stranger said,

Be it then ever so much in haste.

For

For I can draw a good broad sword,  
 And quickly cut the blast.  
 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,  
 To shoot and that he would fain,  
 The stranger bent a very good bow,  
 To shoot at bold Robin again.  
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,  
 To shoot it would be in vain,  
 For if we shoot the one at the other,  
 The one of us must be slain:  
 But let us take our swords and our broad bucklers,  
 And gang under yonder tree.  
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,  
 One foot I will not flee.  
 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,  
 Most fear'd him out of his wits;  
 Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,  
 That shall be better quit.  
 The stranger then with a good broad sword,  
 Hit Robin on the crown,  
 That from every hair of bold Robin's head  
 The blood it run trickling down.  
 God-a-meicy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,  
 And for this thou had done,  
 Tell me, good fellow, what thou art?  
 Tell me where thou dost wene?  
 The stranger then answer'd bold Robin Hood,  
 I'll tell thee where I do dwell,  
 In Mansfield town I was born and bred,  
 My name is young Gamewell;  
 For killing of my father's steward,  
 Am fore'd to this English wood,  
 And for to seek an uncle of mine

Some call bold Robin Hood.  
 But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood then,  
 The sooner we shall have done;  
 As I hope to be saved, the stranger then said,  
 I am his own sister's son.  
 But, Lord, what kissing and courting were there,  
 When these two cousins did meet?  
 And they went all the summer's day,  
 And Little John did not meet.  
 But when they met with Little John,  
 He unto them did say,  
 O Master! pray where have you been,  
 You have tarry'd so long away?  
 I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Full sore he hath beaten me.  
 Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,  
 And try if he can beat me.  
 O no! O no! quoth Robin Hood then,  
 Little John it must not be so;  
 For he is my own dear sister's son,  
 And cousins I have no more;  
 But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,  
 My chief man next to thee;  
 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,  
 And Searlet he shall be,  
 And we'll be three of the boldest outlaws  
 That live in the North country.  
 If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,  
 In the second part it will be.  
 Then bold Robin Hood to the North he would go,  
 With valor and mickle might,  
 With sword by his side, which  
 He oft had been try'd,  
 To fight and recover his right.



The first that he met was a bonny  
bold Scot,  
His servant he said he would be;  
No quoth Robin Hood, it cannot  
be good;  
For thou wilt prove false unto me;  
Thou hast not been true to fire or  
coz:  
Nay, marry, the Scot he said,  
As true as your heart, I'll never  
part,  
Good master be not afraid.  
Then Robin Hood turned his  
face to the East,  
Fight on my merry men stout,  
Our case is good, quoth brave  
Robin Hood,  
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battle grew hot on every  
side,  
The Scotch made great moan;  
Quoth Jockey, good faith, they  
fight on each side,  
Would I were with my wife Joan.  
The enemy compass'd brave Ro-  
bin about,  
Tis long ere the battle ends;  
There's neither will yield, nor  
give up the field,  
For both are supply'd with friends.  
This long it was made in Robin  
Hood's days;  
Let's pray unto Jove above,  
To give us true peace, that mis-  
chi f may cease,  
And war may give place unto love.



12. *Renown'd ROBIN HOOD; Or his famous Archery truly re-  
lated in the worthy Exploits he performed before Queen CATHE-  
RINE.*

To a new Tune.



**G**OLD taken from the King's  
harbingers,  
Down, a down, a down,  
As seldom hath been seen,  
Down, a down, a down,  
And carried by bold Robin Hood  
For a present to the Queen,  
Down, a down, a down.

If that I live one year to an end,  
Thus did Queen Cath-rine say,  
Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,  
And all thy yeomen gay.  
The Queen is to her chamber gone,  
As fast as she could wend;  
She calls unto her lovely page,  
His name was Richard Parrington  
Come

Come thou hither to me, thou  
 lovely page,  
 Come thou hither to me;  
 For thou must post to Nottingham  
 ham,  
 As fast as thou canst dree;  
 And as thou go'st to Nottingham  
 Search every English wood,  
 Enquire of one good yeoman or  
 another,  
 That can tell of Robin Hood.  
 Sometimes he went, sometimes  
 he ran,  
 As fast as he could wen,  
 And when he came to Nottingham  
 ham,  
 There he took up his inn.  
 He call'd for a bottle of Rhenish  
 wine,  
 And drinks a health to the Queen,  
 Wishing he might now speedily  
 Find out jolly Robin.  
 There sat a yeoman by his side,  
 Who said, sweet page, tell me,  
 What is thy business, and thy  
 cause,  
 So far in the North country?  
 This is my business and my cause,  
 Sir, I'll tell it for your good,  
 To enquire of one good yeoman  
 or another,  
 To tell me of Robin Hood.  
 I'll get my horse betimes in the  
 morn,  
 Be it by break of day,  
 And I will shew thee bold Robin  
 Hood,  
 And all his yeomen gay,  
 When that he came to Robin  
 Hood's place  
 He fell down on his knee;  
 Queen Catherine she does greet  
 you well,  
 She greets you well by me,  
 She bids you post to fair London  
 court,  
 Not fearing any thing;  
 For there shall be a little sport,  
 And she has sent you her ring.

Robin Hood took his mantle  
 from his back,  
 It was of Lincoln green,  
 And sent it by this lovely page,  
 For a present to the Queen.  
 In summer time, when leaves  
 grow green,  
 'Twas a seemly sight to see,  
 How Robin Hood had dressed him-  
 self,  
 And all his yeomandre.  
 He clothed his men in Lincoln  
 green,  
 And himself in scarlet red;  
 Black hats, white feathers, all  
 alike,  
 Now bold Robin Hood is rid.  
 And when he came to London  
 court,  
 He fell down on his knee:  
 Thou art welcome Locksley, said  
 the Queen,  
 And all thy yeomandre.  
 Come hither Tepus, said the  
 King,  
 Bow-bearer, after me;  
 Come measure me out with the line  
 How long our mark must be.  
 What is the wager, said the  
 Queen,  
 For that I must know here;  
 Three hundred tuns of Rhenish  
 wine,  
 Three hundred tuns of beer;  
 Three hundred of the fattest harts  
 That run on Dallam lee:  
 That's a princely wager, said the  
 Queen,  
 That I must needs tell thee.  
 With that bespoke one Clifton  
 then,  
 Full quickly and full soon,  
 Measure ro mark for us most  
 sov'reign Liege,  
 We will shoot at sun and moon.  
 Full fifteen score your mark shall  
 Full fifteen score shall stand, [be,  
 I'll lay my bow said Clifton then,  
 I'll cleave the willow wand.

With



With that the King's archers led  
about,  
Till it was three to one;  
With that the ladies began for to  
shout,  
Madam your game is gone.  
A boon, a boon, Queen Catherine  
cries,  
I crave it on my knee;  
Is there ever a knight of your  
privy council  
On Queen Catherine's side will be?  
Come hither to me, Sir Robert  
Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
For I do know by thy pedigree,  
Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.  
Come hither to me thou Bishop  
of Hereford,  
For a noble priest was he;  
By my silver mitre said the Bi-  
shop then,  
I'll not bet one penny,  
The King has archers of his own  
Full ready and full right;  
And these be strangers every one,  
No man knows what they are.  
What wilt thou bet said Robin  
Hood,  
Thou seest our game's the worse;  
By my silver mitre, then said the  
Bishop,  
All the money within my purse.  
What is in thy purse? then said  
Robin Hood,  
Now throw it on the ground;  
Ninety-nine angels said the Bishop  
It's near a hundred pounds.  
Robin Hood took his bag from  
his side,  
And threw it on the green:  
Will Scadlock then went smiling  
away,  
I know who this money must win.  
With that the King's archers led  
about,  
While it was three to three;  
With that the ladies gave a shout  
Woodcock beware thy knee.

It is three to three now, said the  
King,  
The next three pays for all.  
Robin Hood went and whisper'd  
the Queen,  
The King's part shall be but small.  
Then Robin Hood did leap about  
He shot it under hand:  
And Clifton with a bearing arrow  
He clove the willow wand.  
And little Midge, the miller's son,  
He shot not much the worse;  
He shot within a finger of the  
prick;  
Now Bishop beware thy purse.  
A boon, a boon, Queen Catherine  
cries,  
I crave it on my bare knee,  
That you will angry be with none  
That is of my party.  
They shall have forty days to  
come,  
And forty days to go,  
And three times forty to sport  
and to play,  
Then welcome friend or foe.  
Thou art welcome, Robin Hood,  
said the Queen,  
And so is Little John,  
And so is Midge, the miller's son,  
Thrice welcome every one.  
Is this Robin Hood, the King then  
For it was told to me, [said,  
That he was slain in the palace-  
gate,  
So far in the North country.  
Is this Robin Hood? quoth the  
Bishop then,  
As it seems well to be;  
Had I known it had been that  
bold outlaw,  
I would not have bet one penny;  
He took me late one Sunday night  
And bound me fast to a tree,  
And made me sing a mass, God  
wot,  
To him and his yeomandre.  
What, and if I did, says Robin  
Hood,

## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Of that mass I was full fain;  
For recompence of that, he says,  
Here's half thy gold again.  
Now nay, now nay, says Little  
John,

Master that may not be,  
We must give gift to the king's  
officers,  
That gold will serve thee and  
me.



13. *ROBIN HOOD's Chace; Or a merry Progress between  
ROBIN HOOD and King HENRY.*

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME you gallants all, to you  
I call,  
With a hey down, down, and a  
down.  
That are now in this place;  
For a song I will sing, of Henry  
our King,  
How he did bold Robin Hood chace.  
Queen Catherine she then a match  
did make,  
As plainly doth appear,  
For three hundred tuns of good  
red wine,  
And three hundred tuns of beer;  
But she had her archers to seek,  
With their bows and arrows so good,  
But her mind it was bent, with  
a full intent,  
To send for bold Robin Hood.  
But when bold Robin Hood he  
came there,

Queen Catherine she did say,  
Thou art welcome Tockley unto  
me,  
And thou on my part must be,  
If I miss the mark, be it light or  
dark,  
And all my yeomen gay,  
For a match of shooting I have  
made,  
Then hanged I will be.  
But when the game came to be  
play'd  
Bold Robin won it with grace;  
But after the King was angry  
him,  
And vow'd he wou'd him chace.  
What though his pardon granted  
was  
While he did with him stay;  
But yet the King was vexed at  
him

When



When he was gone away.  
 Soon after the King from court  
 did he,  
 In a furious angry mood,  
 And often enquired, both far  
 and near,  
 After bold Robin Hood.  
 But when the King to Notting-  
 ham came,  
 Bold Robin was in the wood;  
 O come, said he, and let me see  
 Who can find bold Robin Hood.  
 But when bold Robin he did  
 hear  
 The King had him in chace,  
 Then said Little John, tis time  
 to be gone,  
 And go to some other place.  
 Then away they went to merry  
 Sherwood,  
 And into Yorkshire he did he,  
 And the King did follow with a  
 whoop and halloo,  
 But could not him come nigh;  
 Yet Jolly Robin he passed along,  
 And went first to Newcastle town,  
 And there they staid hours two or  
 three,  
 And then to Berwick was gone.  
 When the King did see how  
 Robin Hood did flee,  
 He was vexed wondrous sore;  
 With a whoop and halloo he  
 vow'd to follow,  
 And take him or never give o'er.  
 Come now let's away, said Little  
 John,  
 Let any man follow that dare;  
 To Carlisle we'll high, with our  
 company,  
 And so then to Lancaster.  
 From Lancaster then to Chester  
 they went,  
 And so did good King Henry.  
 But Robin went away, for he

durst not stay,  
 For fear of some treachery.  
 Says Robin, come let us for Lon-  
 don go  
 To see our noble Queen's face;  
 It may be she wants our com-  
 pany,  
 Which makes the King us chace.  
 When Robin he came Queen Ca-  
 therine before,  
 He fell upon his knee;  
 If it please your Grace, I am  
 come to this place  
 To speak with King Henry.  
 Queen Catherine answer'd bold  
 Robin again,  
 The King is gone to merry Sher-  
 wood,  
 And when he went away, to me  
 he did say,  
 He would go and seek Robin Hood.  
 Then fare you well, my gracious  
 Queen,  
 To Sherwood I'll hie apace,  
 For fain would I see what he'd  
 have with me.  
 If I could but meet with his Grace.  
 But when King Henry he came  
 home,  
 Full weary and vexed in mind;  
 And that he did hear Robin had  
 been there,  
 He blamed dame Fortune unkind,  
 You're welcome home, Queen  
 Catherine said,  
 Henry, my sovereign Liege,  
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer  
 good,  
 Your person hath been to seek.  
 A boon, a boon, Queen Cather-  
 ine cry'd,  
 I beg it here of your Grace,  
 To pardon his life, and seek no  
 more.  
 And so ends Robin Hood's chace.



14. **ROBIN HOOD's Golden Prize: Shewing how he robbed two PRIESTS of Five Hundred Pounds.**

Tune of—Robin Hood was a tall young man,



I Have heard talk of Robin Hood,  
Derry, derry, down.  
And of brave Little John,  
Off Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,  
Locksley and Maid Marian,  
But such a tale as this before  
I think was never known?  
For Robin Hood disguised himself  
And from the wood is gone.  
Like to a Friar bold Robin Hood  
Was accoutred in his array;  
With hood, gown, beads, and  
crucifix,  
He passed upon the way.  
He had not gone past miles two  
or three,  
But it was his chance to espy  
Two lusty priests clad all in black  
Came riding gallantly.  
Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,  
Some pity on me take.  
Cross you my hand with a single  
groat,  
For our dear Lady's sake.  
For I have been wandering all  
this day,  
And nothing could I get,

Not so much as one poor cup of  
drink,  
Nor bit of bread to eat.  
Now by our Holy Dame, the  
priests reply'd,  
We never a penny have,  
For we this morning have been  
robb'd,  
And could no money save.  
I am much afraid, said bold Ro-  
bin Hood,  
That you do both tell a lye;  
And now before you do go hence  
I am resolved to try.  
When as the Priests heard him  
say so,  
Then they rode away again;  
But Robin Hood betook him to  
his heels,  
And soon overtook them again.  
Then Robin Hood, laid hold of  
them both,  
And pull'd them down from their  
horse,  
O spare us, friar! the priests  
cry'd out,  
On us have some remorse.

You



You said you had no money,  
 quoth Robin,  
 Wherefore without delay,  
 We three will fall down on our  
 knees,  
 And for money we will pray.  
 The priests they could not him  
 gainsay,  
 ut down they kneel with speed:  
 Send us, O send us, then quoth  
 they,  
 Some money to serve our need!  
 The priests did pray with a  
 mournful cheer;  
 Sometimes their hands did wring;  
 Sometimes they wept, and tore  
 their hair,  
 Whilst Robin did merrily sing;  
 When they had been praying an  
 hour's space;  
 The priests did still lament;  
 Then, quoth Robin, now let us see  
 What money Heaven hath us sent;  
 We will be sharers all alike  
 Of money that we have:  
 And there is never one of us  
 That his fellow shall deceive.  
 The priests their hands in their  
 pockets put,  
 But money could find none;  
 We will search ourselves, said  
 Robin Hood,  
 Each other, one by one,  
 Then Robin Hood took pains to  
 search them,  
 And found good store of gold,  
 Five hundred pieces presently  
 Upon the ground he told.

Here is a brave shew, said Robin  
 Hood,  
 Such store of gold to see,  
 And you each one shall have a  
 part,  
 Because you pray'd so heartily.  
 He gave them fifty pounnds a-piece  
 And the rest himself did keep.  
 The priests they durst not speak  
 one word,  
 But sighed wond'rous deep.  
 With that the priests rose up from  
 their knees;  
 Thinking to have parted so;  
 Nay, nay, says Robin Hood,  
 one thing more  
 I have to say ere you go.  
 You shall be sworn, says bold  
 Robin Hood,  
 Upon this holy grass,  
 That you will never tell lies  
 again;  
 Which way soever you pass.  
 The second oath that you here  
 must take,  
 That, all the days of your lives,  
 You never shall tempt maids unto  
 sin,  
 Nor lie with other men's wives:  
 The last oath you shall take is this;  
 To be charitable to the poor;  
 Say you have met with a holy friar  
 And I desire no more. [ar:  
 He set them on their horses again,  
 And away then they did ride;  
 And he return'd to the merry  
 green-wood,  
 With great joy, mirth, and pride.



## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.



f5. *ROBIN HOOD* rescuing *WILL. STUTELY* from the *SHE-RIFF* and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and were going to hang him.

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



**W**HEN Robin Hood in the  
green-wood stood,  
Derry, derry, down,  
Under the green-wood tree,  
Tidings there came to him with  
speed,  
Tidings for certainty.

Hey down, derry derry down.  
That Will Stutely surprized was,  
And eke in prison lay;  
Three varlets that the king had  
hir'd,

Did likely him betray.  
Aye, and to-morrow hanged must be  
To-morrow as soon as 'tis day;  
Before they could the victory get  
Two of them did Stutely slay.

When Robin Hood did hear this  
news,

Lord, it did grieve him sore,  
And to his merry men he did say,  
(Who all together swore)

That Will Stutely should rescued be,  
And he brought back again  
Or else should many a gallant  
knight

For his sake there be slain.  
He cloath'd himself in scarlet then,

His men were all in green,  
A finer show throughout the world,  
In no place could be seen.  
Good Lord! it was a gallant fight,  
To see them all on a row,  
With every man a good broad sword  
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green-wood they are  
gone,

Yea, all courageously,  
Resolving to bring Stutely home,  
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle near  
Wherein Will Stutely lay,

I hold it good, said Robin Hood,  
We here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to  
hear,

To yonder palmer fair,  
That stands under the castle walls;

Some news he may declare.  
With that steps forth a brave young  
man,

Which was of courage bold,  
Thus did he speak to the old man,

I pray the palmer old,  
Tell me if you rightly ken,

When



When must Will Stutely die?  
 Who is one of bold Robin's men,  
 And here doth prisoner lie.  
 Alas! alas! the palmer said,  
 And for ever woe is me!  
 Will Stutely hang'd will be this  
 day,  
 On yonder gallows tree.  
 O had his noble master known,  
 He would some succour send,  
 A few of his bold yeomandree  
 Full soon would fetch him hence.  
 Aye, that is true the young man  
 said,  
 Aye, that is true, said he;  
 Or if they were near to this place,  
 They soon would set him free.  
 But fare thee well, thou good old  
 man,  
 Farewell! and thanks to thee,  
 If Stutely hanged be this day,  
 Reveng'd his death shall be.  
 No sooner was he from the palmer  
 gone  
 But the gates were open'd wide,  
 And out of the castle Will Stutely  
 came,  
 Guarded on every side.  
 When he was forth of the castle  
 come,  
 And saw no help was nigh,  
 Thus did he say unto the sheriff,  
 Thus he said gallantly,  
 Now seeing that I needs must die,  
 Grant me one boon said he;  
 For my noble master ne'er had a man  
 That was yet hang'd on a tree.  
 Give me a sword all in my hand,  
 And let me be unbound,  
 And with thee and thy men I'll  
 fight  
 Till I lie dead on the ground.  
 But his desire he would not grant,  
 His wishes were in vain,  
 For the sheriff he swore he hang'd  
 should be,  
 And not by the sword be slain,  
 Do but unbind my hands, he says,  
 I will no weapon crave;

And if I be hanged this day,  
 Damnation let me have.  
 O no, no, no, the sheriff said,  
 Thou shalt on the gallows die;  
 Aye, and so shall thy master too,  
 If it ever in me lie.  
 O dastard coward! Stutely cries,  
 Faint hearted peasant slave!  
 If ever my master does thee meet,  
 Thou shalt thy payment have.  
 My noble master doth thee scorn,  
 And all thy cowardly crew,  
 Such silly imps unable are  
 Bold Robin to subdue.  
 But when he was to the gallows  
 gone  
 And ready to bid adieu,  
 Out of the bush steps Little John,  
 And comes Will Stutely to.  
 I pray thee, before you die,  
 Of thy dear friends take leave:  
 I needs must borrow him a while;  
 How say you, master sheriff?  
 Now, as I live, the sheriff said,  
 That varlet will I know,  
 Some sturdy rebel is that same,  
 Therefore let him not go.  
 Then Little John most hardly  
 Away cut Stutely's hands;  
 And from one of the sheriff's men  
 A sword twitched from his hands.  
 Here, Will, take thou this same,  
 Thou canst it better sway,  
 And here defend thyself a while,  
 For aid will come straitway.  
 And there they turn'd them back  
 to back,  
 In the midst of them that day,  
 Till Robin Hood approached near,  
 With many an archer gay.  
 With that an arrow from them  
 flew,  
 I wist from Robin Hood,  
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff  
 he said,  
 Make haste, for it is not good.  
 The sheriff is gone, his dauntless  
 men  
 Thought it not boot to stay,

|                                       |                                      |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| But, as their master had them taught, | I little thought, Will Stutely said, |
| They ran full fast away.              | When I came to this place,           |
| O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,    | For to have met with Little John,    |
| Take leave ere you depart,            | Or seen my master's face.            |
| You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood, | Thus Stutely was at liberty set,     |
| Unless you dare him meet.             | And safe brought from his foe;       |
| O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,    | O thanks, O thanks, to my master,    |
| That you so soon are gone,            | Since it was not so.                 |
| My sword may in the scabbard rest,    | And once again, my fellows all,      |
| For here your work is done.           | We shall in the greenwood meet,      |
|                                       | Where we will make our bow-string    |
|                                       | Music for us most sweet. [twang,     |



16. *The Noble FISHERMAN: or, ROBIN HOOD's Prefement.*

Tune of—In Summer-Time, &c.



|                                                |                                                |
|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| <b>I</b> N summer time when leaves grow green, | The fishermen brave more money have            |
| When they do grow both green and long,         | Than any merchants two or three                |
| Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,           | Therefore I will to Scarborough go             |
| It is of him I sing my song.                   | That I a fisherman may be.                     |
| When the lilly leaf, and the cow-slip sweet,   | The outlaw call'd his merry men all            |
| Both bud and spring with merry cheer,          | As they sat under the green-wood tree,         |
| The outlaw was weary of the wood side,         | If any of you have any gold to spend,          |
| And a chasing of the king's deer.              | I pray you heartily spend it with me.          |
|                                                | Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go, |
|                                                | It seems to be a very fine day,                |
|                                                | He                                             |



He took up his inn at a widow wo-  
man's house,  
Hard by the waters grey,  
Who asked him, where wert thou  
born?  
Or tell me where thou dost fare?  
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,  
This day intrapped all in care.  
What is thy name? thou fine fellow,  
I pray thee tell unto me.  
In mine own country where I was  
born,  
Men call me Simon over the lee.  
Simon, Simon, said the good wife,  
I wish thou may'st well brook thy  
name,  
The outlaw was 'ware of her court-  
esy,  
And rejoiced he had got such a  
dame.  
Simon, wilt thou be my man,  
And good round wages I'll give  
thee,  
I have as good ships of my own  
As any that sails upon the sea.  
Anchors and planks thou shalt  
want none,  
Masts and planks that are so long.  
And if you so furnish me,  
Said Simon, nothing shall go  
wrong.  
They pluck'd up anchor, and away  
did sail,  
More of a day than two or three,  
When others cast in their baited  
hooks,  
The bare lines into the sea cast  
he.  
It will be long said the master then,  
E'er this great lubber thrive on  
the sea,  
He shall have no share in our fish,  
For in truth he is no part worthy.  
O woe is me! said Simon then,  
This day that ever I came here,  
I wish I was in Plumpton park,  
Chasing of the fallow deer.  
For every clown laughed me to  
scorn,  
And by me set nothing at all;  
If I had them in Plumpton park,  
I would set as little by them all.  
They pluck'd up anchor and away  
did sail,  
More of a day than two or three,  
But Simon espy'd a ship of war,  
That sail'd towards them vigor-  
ously.  
O woe is me! said the master then,  
This day that ever I was born!  
For all the fish that I have got  
Is every bit lost and forlorn!  
For these French robbers on the sea  
They will not spare of us one  
man,  
But carry us to the coast of France,  
And lay us in a prison strong.  
But Simon said, do not fear them,  
Neither, master, take you care,  
Give me a bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I  
spare.  
Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,  
For thou art nought but brag  
and boast,  
If I should cast you overboard  
There is but a simple lubber lost.  
Simon grew angry at these words,  
And so angry then was he;  
Then he took his bent bow in his  
hand,  
And in the ship-hatch goeth he,  
Master tie me to the mast, he said,  
That at a my mark I may stand  
fair,  
And give me my bent bow in my  
hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I  
spare.  
He drew his arrow to the head,  
And drew it with might and  
main.  
And straight, in the twinkling of  
an eye,  
To the Frenchman's heart the  
arrow gain.  
The Frenchmen fell down on the  
ship hatch,

|                                               |                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| All under the hatches down be-<br>low,        | Twelve thousand pound in money<br>bright.                               |
| Another Frenchman that him<br>espy'd,         | The one half of the ship, said Simon<br>then,                           |
| The dead corpse into the sea did<br>throw.    | I'll give to my dame and children<br>small,                             |
| O master, loose me from the mast,<br>he said, | The other half of the ship I'll give<br>To you that are my fellows all. |
| And for them all take you no<br>care,         | But now bespoke the master then,<br>For so, Simon, it shall not be;     |
| And give me my bent bow in my<br>hand,        | For you have won it with your<br>hands,                                 |
| And never a Frenchman will I<br>spare.        | And the owner of it you must be.<br>It shall be so, as I have said,     |
| Then strait they boarded the French<br>ship,  | And with this gold for the oppress'd<br>An habitation I will build,     |
| They lying all dead in fight,                 | Where they shall live in peace<br>and rest.                             |
| They found within their ship of war           |                                                                         |



17. *ROBIN HOOD's Delight: or a new Combat fought between  
ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and WILL SCARLET,  
with three stout KEEPERS in Sherwood Forest.*

Tune of.—Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



|                                                         |                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <b>T</b> HERE's some will talk of lords<br>and knights, | And men of noble blood,                   |
| Down, a down, a down,                                   | And many a time their valour was<br>shewn |
| And some of yeomen good;                                | In the forest of merry Sherwood.          |
| But I will tell of Will Scarlet,                        | Upon a time it chanced so,                |
| Little John and Robin Hood.                             | As Robin Hood would have it<br>be,        |
| Who were outlaws, as 'tis well<br>known,                | They all three would a walking go,<br>The |



The pastime for to see,  
And as they walked the forest along  
Upon a midsummer day,  
There was he aware of three fo-  
resters  
Clad all in green array.  
With brave long falchions by their  
sides,  
And forest bills in their hands,  
They called aloud to these outlaws,  
And charged them to stand.  
Why, who art you, cry'd bold  
Robin,  
That speak so boldly here?  
We three belong to King Henry,  
And keepers of his deer.  
The devil thou art, said Robin  
Hood,  
I am sure it is not so;  
We be the keepers of the forest,  
And that you soon shall know.  
Your coats of green lay on the  
ground,  
And so we will all three,  
And take your swords and bucklers  
round,  
And try the victory.  
We be content, the keepers said,  
We be three and no less;  
Then why should we of you be  
afraid,  
As we never did transgress.  
Why if you be keepers in this fo-  
rest,  
We be three rangers good,  
And will make you to know before  
you do go,  
You met with bold Robin Hood.  
We be content, thou bold outlaw,  
Our valour here to try,  
And will make you know before  
you do go,  
We will fight before we fly,  
Then come draw your swords, you  
bold outlaws  
No longer stand to prate,  
But let us try it with our blows,  
For cowards we do hate.  
Here is one for Will Scarlet,

And another for Little John,  
And I myself for Robin Hood,  
Because he is stout and strong.  
So they fell to it full hard and sore,  
It was on a midsummer day,  
From eight of the clock, till two,  
and past,  
They all shew'd gallant play.  
There Robin, Will, and Little  
John,  
They fought most manfully,  
Till all their wind was spent and  
gone,  
Then Robin aloud did cry;  
O hold! O hold! cries bold Ro-  
bin,  
I see you be stout men;  
Let me blow one blast on my bugle  
horn,  
Then I'll fight with you again.  
That bargain is to make, bold  
Robin Hood,  
Therefore we it deny;  
Thy blast upon thy bugle horn  
Cannot make us fight or fly;  
Therefore fight on, or else be  
gone,  
And yield to us the day;  
It never shall be said, that we be  
afraid  
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.  
If that be so cries Robin Hood,  
Let me but know your names,  
And in the forest of merry Sher-  
wood  
I shall extol your fames.  
And with our names, one of them  
said,  
What hast thou here to do?  
Except that thou wilt fight it out,  
Our names thou shalt not know.  
We'll fight no more, says bold Ro-  
bin Hood,  
You be men of valour stout;  
Come and go with me to Notting-  
ham,  
And there we will fight it out.  
With a butt of sack we will bang it  
about, Te

|                                        |                                         |
|----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| To see who wins the day ;              | hand                                    |
| And for the cost, make you no doubt    | That will fight and never flee.         |
| I have gold enough to pay.             | So away they went to Nottingham,        |
| And ever hereafter as long as we live, | With sack to make amends:               |
| We all will brethren be ;              | For three days they the wine did chace; |
| For I love those men with heart and    | And drank themselves good friends.      |



18. *ROBIN HOOD and the BEGGAR; Shewing how he and the Beggar fought and changed Cloaths; how he went a begging to Nottingham; and how he saved three Brethren from hanging for stealing of Deer.*

To the Tune of—Robin Hood and the Stranger,



|                                         |                                      |                                    |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <b>C</b> OME light and listen, you gen- | men all,                             | Either with friend or foe.         |
| With a hey down, down, and              | a down,                              | Then he got up upon a gallant      |
| That mirth do love for to hear,         | And a story true I'll tell unto you, | steed,                             |
| If that you will but draw near.         | In elder times when merriments       | The which was worth angels         |
| were,                                   | And archery was holden good,         | ten,                               |
| There was an outlaw, as many do         | know,                                | With a mantle of green, most brave |
| Which men call Robin Hood.              | Upon a time it chanced so,           | to be seen,                        |
| Bold Robin was merry dispos'd,          | His time for to spend, he did in-    | He left all his merry men.         |
| pend,                                   |                                      | And riding towards Nottingham,     |
|                                         |                                      | Some pastime for to 'spy,          |
|                                         |                                      | There he was aware of a jolly      |
|                                         |                                      | beggar,                            |
|                                         |                                      | As e'er he beheld with his eye.    |
|                                         |                                      | An old patch'd coat the beggar had |
|                                         |                                      | on,                                |
|                                         |                                      | Which he daily did use for to      |
|                                         |                                      | wear;                              |

An



And many a bag about him did wag,  
Which made Robin Hood to re-  
pair.

Good speed ! good speed ! said Ro-  
bin Hood then,

What countryman ? tell unto  
me.

I am Yorffshire, sir ; but ere you  
go far,

Some charity give unto me,

I have no money, said Robin Hood  
then,

But a ranger within the wood ;

I am an outlaw, as many do know,

My name is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell thee, bonny  
beggar,

That a bout with thee I must try,

Thy coat of grey lay down, I say,

And my mantle of green shall  
lay by.

Content ! content ! the beggar he  
cry'd,

Thy part it will be the worse ;

For I hope this bout to give thee  
the rout,

And then have thy purse.

The beggar he had a mickle long  
staff,

And Robin he had a nut-brown  
sword ;

The beggar drew nigh, and at  
Robin let fly,

But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin  
Hood then,

This game well pleaseth me,

For every blow that Robin gave,

The beggar gave buff ts three.

And fighting there full hardy and  
fore,

Not far from Nottingham town,

They never fled, till from Robin  
Hood's head

The blood it ran trickling down

O hold thy hand said Robin Hood,

And thou and I will agree :

If that be true, the beggar he said,

Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, said Ro-  
bin Hood,

Thy bags and coat give me ;

And this mantle of mine I'll to  
thee resign,

My horse and my bravery.

When Robin had got the beggar's  
cloaths,

He looked round about ;

Methinks, said he, I seem to be

A beggar brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my  
bread,

So I have another for my corn ;

I have one for my salt, and another  
for my malt,

And one for my little horn.

And now I will a begging go

Some chaity for to find ;

And if any more of Robin Hood  
you'll know,

In the second part it's behind.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham  
bound,

With his bag hanging down to  
his knee,

His staff, and his coat scarce worth  
a groat,

Yet merrily passed he.

As Robin he passed the streets  
along,

He heard a pitiful cry,

Three brethren dear, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to die.

Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's  
house,

Some relief for to seek ;

He skippt, and leapt, and caper'd  
full high,

As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriff's house he  
came,

There a gentleman fine and brave,

Thou beggar, saith he, come tell  
unto me,

What is it thou wouldst have ?

No meat nor drink, said Robin  
Hood then,

Thar I come here to crave ;

But

## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>But to get the lives of yeoman three<br/>And that I fain would have.<br/>That cannot be, thou old beggar,<br/>The fact it is so clear;<br/>I tell to thee, they hang'd must be<br/>For stealing our king's deer.<br/>But when to the gallows they did<br/>come,<br/>There was many a weeping eye;<br/>O hold your peace, said Robin then,<br/>For certain they shall not die.<br/>Then Robin he set his horn to his<br/>mouth,<br/>And he blew out blasts three,<br/>Till a hundred bold archers brave,<br/>Came kneeling down to his knee.<br/>What is your will, master? said<br/>they,<br/>We are at thy command.</p> | <p>Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin<br/>then,<br/>And see you spare no man.<br/>Then they shot east, and they shot<br/>west,<br/>Their arrows were so keen,<br/>The sheriff he and his company<br/>No longer could be seen.<br/>Then he stept to those brethren three,<br/>And away he had them ta'en;<br/>The sheriff he was crost, and many<br/>a man lost,<br/>That dead lay on the plain.<br/>And away they went to the merry<br/>green-wood,<br/>And sung with merry glee.<br/>And Robin Hood took these bre-<br/>thren good,<br/>To be of his yeomandre.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



19. *ROBIN HOOD, WILL SCARLET, and LITTLE JOHN:  
or, a Narrative of the Victory obtained against the PRINCE of  
ARRAGON, and the two GIANTS; and how WILL SCAR-  
LET married the PRINCESS.*

To a Northern Tune.



|                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><b>N</b>OW Robin Hood, Will Scar-<br/>ler, and Little John,<br/>Are walking ovet the plain,<br/>With a good fat buck, which Will<br/>Scarlet</p> | <p>With his strong bow had slain.<br/>Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,<br/>The day it runs full fast,<br/>For though my nephew me a break-<br/>fast gave,</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

I have



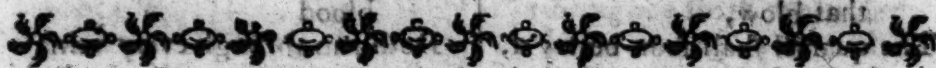
I have not broke my fast.  
 Then to yonder lodge let us take  
 our way,  
 I think 'it is wond'rous good,  
 Where my nephew, my bold yeo-  
 man,  
 Shall be welcom'd unto the green  
 wood.  
 With that he took the bugle horn,  
 Full well he would it blow,  
 Strait from the woods came march-  
 ing down  
 One hundred tall fellows, and  
 more.  
 Stand, stand to your arms, cries  
 Will Scarlet,  
 Lo the enemies are within ken:  
 With that Robin Hood he laughed  
 aloud,  
 Crying they are my bold yeomen:  
 Who when they arriv'd and Robin  
 espy'd,  
 Cry'd, master, what is your  
 will?  
 We thought you had in danger been  
 Your horn did sound so shrill.  
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin  
 Hood,  
 The danger is past and gone;  
 I would have you welcome my ne-  
 phew here,  
 That has paid me two for one.  
 In feasting and sporting they spent  
 the day,  
 Till Phoebus sunk into the deep,  
 Then each one to his quarters hied,  
 His guard there for to keep.  
 Long had they not walked within  
 the green-wood  
 But Robin he was espy'd  
 Of a beautiful damsel, all alone,  
 That on a black palfrey did  
 ride.  
 Her riding suit was of a sable hue  
 black,  
 Cyprus over her face,  
 Through which her rose-like cheek  
 did blush.  
 All with a comely grace.

Come, tell me the cause, thou  
 pretty one,  
 Quoth Robin, and tell me right,  
 From whence thou com'st, and whi-  
 ther thou go'st,  
 All in this mournful plight?  
 From London I came, the damsel  
 reply'd,  
 From London upon the Thames,  
 Which circled is, O grief to tell!  
 Besieg'd with foreign arms,  
 By the proud Prince of Arragon,  
 Who swears by his martial hand,  
 To have the princess to his spouse,  
 Or else to waste this land.  
 Except the champions can be found  
 That dare fight three to three,  
 Against the prince and giants twain,  
 Most horrid for to see;  
 Whose grisly looks, and eyes like  
 brands,  
 Strike terror where they come,  
 With serpents hissing on their helms  
 Instead of feather's plume.  
 The princess shall be the victor's  
 prize,  
 The king hath vow'd and said,  
 And he that shall the conquest win,  
 Shall have her to his bride.  
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad  
 To the east, west, north, and  
 south,  
 To try whose fortune is so good,  
 To find these champions out.  
 But all in vain we have fought  
 about,  
 For none so bold there are,  
 That dare venture life and blood  
 To free a lady fair.  
 When is the day? quoth Robin  
 Tell me this and more: [Hood,  
 On Midsummer next, the damsel  
 said,  
 Which is June the twenty-four.  
 With that the tears trickled down  
 her cheeks,  
 And silent was her tongue:  
 With sobs and sighs she took her  
 leave,

And

Here kneels your son, your young  
Gamewell,  
You said you lov'd so dear;  
But, Lord, what embracing and  
kissing was there,

When all their friends were  
met!  
They are gone to the wedding, and  
so to bedding,  
And so I bid you good night.



10. **LITTLE JOHN and four BEGGARS:** *Shewing how he  
went a begging, and fought with four BEGGARS, and what  
a Prize he got from them.*

Tune of—Robin Hood and the Beggar.



**A**Ll you that delight to spend  
some time,  
With a hey down, &c.

A merry song for to sing,  
Unto me draw near, you shall hear  
How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forest  
begging along,

And all his yeomandre,  
Says Robin some of you a begging

must go,  
And, Little John, it must be  
three.

Says John, if I must a begging go,  
I will have a palmer's weed,

With a staff and a coat, and bags of  
all sorts,

The better then I shall speed.  
Come, now give me a bag for my

bread,

And another for my cheese,  
And one for a penny, if I get any,  
That nothing I may lose.

Now Little John is a begging gone,  
Seeking for some relief,

But of all the beggars he met on  
the way,

Little John he was the chief.  
But as he was walking himself

alone,

Four beggars he chanced to spy,  
Some deaf, some blind, some canid

behind,

Says John, here's a brave com-  
pany.

Good morrow, said John, my bre-  
thren dear,

Good fortune I had you see;  
Which way you do go, pray let me

know,

For



For I want some company.  
 O what is here to do? said Little John,  
 Why ring all these bells? said he,  
 What dog is hanging? come let us  
 be ganging,  
 That we the truth may see.  
 Here is no dog, one of them said,  
 Good fellow I tell unto thee;  
 But here is one dead that will give  
 us cheese and bread,  
 And it may be one single penny.  
 We have brethren in London, ano-  
 ther said  
 So we live at Coventry,  
 In Berwick and Dover, and all the  
 world over,  
 But ne'er a crook'd earl like  
 thee.  
 Therefore stand thou back, thou  
 crooked earl,  
 Take that crack on the crown:  
 Nay, says Little John, I'll not be  
 gone,  
 For a bolt I'll have with you  
 round.  
 Now have at you all said Little  
 John,  
 If you be so full of your blows,  
 Fight on all four, and never give  
 o'er,  
 Whether you be friends or foes.  
 John nipped the dumb, and made  
 him roar,  
 And the blind that could not see,  
 And he that a cripple had been for  
 seven years,  
 He made run faster than he.  
 And flinging them all against the  
 wall,  
 With many a sturdy bang,  
 It made John to sing, to hear the  
 gold ring,  
 And against the wall cry twang.  
 Then he got out of the beggars'  
 cloaks  
 Three hundred pounds in gold;  
 Good fortune had I, said Little  
 John,  
 Such a sight for to behold,  
 But found he in the beggar's bag  
 But three hundred and three:  
 If I drink water while this doth  
 last,  
 Then an ill death may I die,  
 And my begging trade I will now  
 give o'er,  
 My fortune hath been so good,  
 Therefore I will not stay, but I will  
 away  
 To the Forest of merry Sher-  
 wood.  
 And when to the forest of Sherwood  
 he came,  
 He quickly there did see  
 Bold Robin Hood, his master good,  
 And all his company.  
 What news? what news? said Ro-  
 bin Hood,  
 Come, Little John, tell unto me,  
 How hast thou sped with thy beg-  
 gar's trade?  
 For that I fain would see.  
 No news but good, said Little John,  
 With begging full well have I  
 sped;  
 Three hundred and three have I  
 here for thee,  
 In silver and gold so red.  
 Then Robin Hood took Little John  
 by the hand,  
 And danc'd about the oak tree;  
 And if we drink water while this doth  
 last,  
 Then an ill death may we die.  
 So to conclude my merry new  
 song,  
 All you that delight to sing,  
 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer  
 good,  
 And how Little John went a  
 begging.



21. *ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER: or True Friendship after a fierce Fight.*Tune of *L. Arthur-a-Bland.*

**W**HEN Piccadilly had melted  
the fickle of ice,

With a hey down, &c. [snow,

And likewise the mountains of

Bold Robin Hood he would go see,

And frolic abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting

behind, [pass'd,

While through the green valleys he

There did he behold a forester bold,

Who cry'd out, friend, whither

so fast? [fat buck,

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a

For me and my merry men all;

Besides ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,

Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the fo-

rester then,

For these are his majesty's deer;

Before you shall shoot, the thing

I'll dispute,

For I'm the head forester here.

These thirteen long summers, said

Robin, I'm sure

My arrows I here have let fly,

Where freely I range, methinks it

is strange, [than I

You should have more power

The forest, quoth Robin, I think

is my own,

And so are the nimble deer too;

Therefore I declare, and solemnly

I'll not be affronted by you. [swear

The forester he had a long quarter

staff,

Likewise a broad sword by his side

Without more ado, he presently

drew, [try'd.

Declaring the truth should be

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of

the best, [wrong,

That, ere he would take any

His courage was flush, he'd venture

a bruis, [dong.

And thus they went to it ding

The very next blow that the forester

gave, [twang;

He made his broad weapon cry

'Twas over his head, he fell down

for dead,

O that was a damnable bang! [self,

But Robin he soon did recover him.

And bravely fell to it again;

The very next stroke their weapons

they broke,

Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter staff then they resolved

to play, [bout:

Because they would have it other

And brave Robin Hood right val-

antly stood,

Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard

blows,

The other return'd them as fast,

At



At every stroke their jackets did  
smoke,

Three hours the combat did last.  
At length in a rage the bold forester  
grew,

And cudgel'd bold Robin so sore,  
That he could not stand, so shaking  
his hand,

He said let us freely give o'er.  
Thou art a brave fellow, I needs  
must conf. ss,

I never knew any so good; [me  
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for  
And range in the merry green  
wood. [love,

I'll give thee this ring, a token of  
For bravely thou hast acted thy  
part; [delight,

The man that can fight, in him I  
And love with all my whole heart.  
Then Robin Hood set his horn to  
his mouth,

A blast he merrily blew, [appear,  
His yeomen d d hear, and strait did  
A hundred, with trusty long bows,  
Now Little John came at the head  
of them all,

Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green  
And likewise therest were gloriously  
A delicate sight to be seen. [dress,

Lo! these are my yeomen, said Ro-  
bin Hood,

Thou shalt be one of the train;  
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,  
I give them who I entertain,

The forester willingly enter'd the list.  
They were such a beautiful sight,  
Then with a long bow they shot a  
fat doe,

And made a rich supper that night.  
What singing and dancing was in  
the green wood,

For joy of another new mate;  
With mirth and delight they spent  
all the night,

And liv'd at a bountiful rate.  
The forester ne'er was so merry be-  
fore, [sould,

As then he was with these brave  
Who never would fail, in wine,  
beer, or ale,

To take of their cherishing bowls.  
Then Robin Hood gave him a man-  
tle of green, [bow;

Broad arrow, and a curious long  
This done, the next day, so great  
and so gay,

He marched them all on a row;  
Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true  
to your trust,

And then we may range the  
woods wide: [swear

They all did declare and solemnly  
To conquer, or die by his side.

22. **ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN:** being an Account of  
their first Meeting, their fierce Encounter and Conquest: to which is  
added their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called Little John.



**W**HEN Robin Hood was about twenty years,  
With a hey down, down, and a  
down, He

He happened to meet Little John,  
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the  
trade,

For he was a lusty young man.  
Tho' he was called Little, his limbs  
they were large, [high;

And his stature was seven feet  
Wherever he came, they quak'd at  
his name, [fly.

For soon he would make them to  
How they came acquainted, I'll tell  
you in brief,

If you would but listen a while,  
For this very jest, among the rest,  
I think may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly  
bowmen,

Pray tarry you here in the grove,  
And see that you all observe well  
my call,

While through the forest I rove.  
We have had no sport these fourteen  
long days,

Therefore now abroad will I go;  
Now should I be beat, and cannot  
retreat,

My horn I will presently blow.  
Then did he shake hands with his  
merry men all, [bye.

And bid them at present good  
And as near a brook his journey he  
took,

A stranger he chanc'd to espy.  
They happen'd to meet on a long  
narrow bridge, [way;

And neither of them would give  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and stir-  
dily stood, [play.

I'll shew you right Nottingham  
With that from his quiver an arrow  
he drew,

A broad arrow with a goose wing;  
The stranger reply'd, I'll lick thy  
hide,

If you offer to touch the string.  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost  
prate like an ass,

For were I to bend but my bow,  
I could send a dart quite through  
thy proud heart

Before thou could'st strike me one  
blow. [stranger reply'd,

Their talk't like a coward, the  
Well arm'd with a long bow you  
stand, [protest,

To shoot at my breast, while I, I  
Have nought but my staff in my  
hand. [I scorn,

The name of a coward, quoth Robin  
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay  
by; [I take,

And now, for thy sake, a staff will  
The truth of thy manhood to try.  
Then Robin Hood slept to a thicket  
of trees, [oak;

And chose him a staff of ground  
Now this thing being done, away he  
did run [spoke:

To the stranger, and merrily  
Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,  
Now here on the bridge we will  
play; [win

Whoever falls in the other shall  
The battle, and so we'll away.  
With all my whole heart, the  
stranger reply'd,

I scorn in the least to give out.  
This said, they fell to't, without  
more dispute, [about.

And their staffs they did flourish  
At first Robin gave the stranger a  
bang, [ring;

So hard that he made his bones  
The stranger he said, this must be  
repaid,

I'll give you as good as you bring;  
So long as I'm able to handle a staff  
To die in your debt, friend, I  
scorn. [their blows,

Then to it both go, and follow  
As if they had been threshing of  
corn. [the crown,

The stranger gave Robin a crack on  
Which caused the blood to ap-  
pear; [engag'd,

Then Robin enrag'd, more severely  
And follow'd his blows more se-  
vere. [him,

So thick and so fast he did lay it on  
With a passionate fury and ire,



At every stroke he made him to  
smoke,

As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the stranger he  
grew,

And gave him a damnable look,  
And with it a blow, which laid  
him full low,

And tumbled him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, where art  
thou now? [cry'd:

The stranger, in laughter, he  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good  
faith in the flood,

And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art  
a brave soul,

With thee I'll no longer contend;

For needs I must say, thou hast got  
the day,

Our battle shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did pre-  
sently wade, [thorn;

And pull'd himself out by a  
Which done, at the best, he blew  
out a blast,

Straitway on his fine bugle horn.

The echo of which through the val-  
ley did ring, [pear'd,

At which his stout bowmen ap-  
All clothed in green, most gay to  
be seen,

So up to their master they steer'd,

O, what is the matter, quoth Will  
Stutely, [skin?

Good master, you are wet to the

No matter, quoth he, the lad that  
you see,

In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He shall not go scot free, the others  
reply'd, [ther,

So strait they were seizing him  
To duck him likewise: but Robin  
Hood cries,

He is a stout fellow, forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee,  
friend, be not afraid,

These bowmen upon me do wait,

There're three score and nine; if  
thou wilt be mine,

Thou shalt have my livery strait,  
And other accoutrements fitting  
also:

Speak up, jolly blade, never fear,  
I'll teach you also the use of the  
long bow,

To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O here is my hand, the stranger re-  
ply'd, [heut;

I'll serve you with all my whole  
My name is John Little, a man of  
good mettle, [p rt.

Ne'er doubt me for I'll play my  
His name shall be alter'd, quoth  
Will Stutely,

And I will his godfather be;

Prepare then a feast, and none of  
the least,

For we will be merry, quoth he:  
They presently fetch'd in a brace of  
fat does, [wife;

With humming strong liquor like-  
They lov'd what was good; so in  
the green-wood, [tiz'd.

This pretty sweet babe they bap-  
He was, I must tell you, but seven  
feet high,

And, may be, an ell in the waist;

He was a sweet lad, much feasting  
they had; [grac'd,

Bold Robin the christening  
With all his bowmen, which stood  
in a ring, [breed;

And were of the Nottingham  
Brave Stutely came then, with se-  
ven yeomen,

And did in this manner proceed;

This infant was called John Little,  
quoth he, [anon,

Which name shall be changed  
The words we'll transpose, so where-  
ever he goes, [John.

His name shall be call'd Little  
They all with a shout made the ele-  
ments ring;

So soon as the office was o'er,  
To feasting they went, with true  
merriment, [lore.

And tippled strong liquors, gi-  
Then

Then Robin he took the pretty We feast on good cheerr, with wine,  
 sweet babe, ale, and beer,  
 And cloath'd him from top to toe And ev'ry thing at our command.  
 In garments of green, most gay to Then music and dancing did finish  
 be seen, the day, [low,  
 And gave him a curious long At length when the sun waxed  
 Thou shalt be an archer as well as Then all the whole train the grove  
 the best, with us, did refrain,  
 And range in the green-wood And unto their caves they did go.  
 Where we will not want gold nor And so ever after, as long as he  
 silver, behold, [purse.  
 While bishops have aught in their Although he was proper and tall,  
 We live here like squires or lords Yet nevertheless, the truth to ex-  
 of renown, press, [call.  
 Without e'er a foot of free land; Still Little John they did him

23. *The BISHOP of HEREFORD's Entertainment by ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, &c. in merry Barnsdale.*

To the Tune of—In summer time, &c.



SOME they will talk of bold And he shall pay well for his  
 Robin Hood, cheer. [Robin Hood,  
 And some of barons bold; We'll kill a fat ven'lon, says bold  
 But I'll tell you how he serv'd the And dress it by the highway side,  
 Bishop of Hereford, [gold, And we will watch the Bishop nar-  
 When he robbed him of all his rowly, [ride.  
 As it befel in merry Barnsdale, Left some other way he should  
 And under the green-wood tree, Robin Hood dress'd himself in shep-  
 The Bishop of Hereford was to come herd's attire,  
 With all his company. [by, With six of his men also,  
 Come kill some ven'lon, said bold And when the Bishop of Hereford  
 Robin Hood, came by,  
 Come kill me a good fat deer, They about the fire did go.  
 The Bishop of Hereford is to dine O what is the matter, then said the  
 with me to day, Bishop, Or



Or for whom do you make this ado? [even] son,  
 Or why do you kill the king's sheep?  
 When your company is so few?  
 We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And we keep sheep all the year,  
 And we are disposed to be merry this day,  
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.  
 You are brave fellows, said the Bishop,  
 And the king of your doings.  
 Therefore make haste and come along with me.  
 For before the king you shall go.  
 O pardon! O pardon! said bold Robin Hood,  
 O pardon! I pray thee. (coat,  
 For it becomes not your lordship's  
 To take so many lives away.  
 No pardon, no pardon, said the Bishop,  
 No pardon I thee owe; (shop,  
 Therefore make haste and come along with me.  
 For before our king you shall go.  
 Then Robin set his back against a tree,  
 And his foot against a thorn,  
 And from underneath his shepherd's coat,  
 He pull'd out a bugle horn,  
 He put the little end to his mouth,  
 And a loud blast he did blow,  
 Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men  
 Came running all on a row;  
 All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,  
 'Twas a comely sight to see.  
 What's the matter, master, said Little John,  
 That you blow so hastily?

O here is the Bishop of Hereford,  
 And no pardon shall we have.  
 Cut off his head, master, said Little John,  
 And throw him into his grave.  
 O pardon! O pardon! said the Bishop,  
 O pardon! I thee pray; (shop,  
 For if I had known it had been you,  
 I'd have gone some other way.  
 No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,  
 No pardon I thee owe; (hood,  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me, (go.  
 For to merry Barnsdale you shall  
 Then Robin he took the Bishop by the hand,  
 And led him to merry Barnsdale.  
 He made him to stay and sup with him that night,  
 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.  
 Call in a red cloaking, said the Bishop,  
 For methinks it grows wondrous high; (Little John,  
 Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,  
 And I'll tell you bye and bye.  
 Then Little John took the Bishop's cloak,  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 And out of the Bishop's portmanteau  
 He told three hundred pound.  
 Here's money enough, master, said Little John,  
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;  
 It makes me in charity with the Bishop,  
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.  
 Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,  
 And he caused the music to play;  
 He made the Bishop to dance in his boots,  
 And glad he could get so away.



ROBIN

## 24. ROBIN HOOD rescuing the three 'SQUIRES from Nottingham Gallows.

Tune of—Robin Hood and the Stranger.



**B**OLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,  
O there did he meet with a lady gay,  
She came weeping along the highway.  
Why weep you? why weep you?  
bold Robin he said;  
What weep you for gold or fee?  
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,  
That is taken from your body?  
I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,  
Neither do I weep for fee;  
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,  
That is taken from my body.  
What weep you for then? said jolly Robin,  
I prithe come tell unto me:  
Oh! I do weep for my three sons,  
For they are all condemned to die.  
What church have they robbed?  
said jolly Robin,  
Or parish priest have they slain?  
What maids have they forced against  
their will? (lain)  
Or with other men's wives have  
No church have they robbed, this  
lady reply'd,  
Nor parish priest have they slain,  
No maids have they forced against  
their will,

Nor with other men's wives have  
lain. (jolly Robin,  
What have they done then? said  
Come tell me most speedily.  
Oh! it is for killing the king's fal-  
low deer, (die.  
And they are all condemned to  
Get you home, get you home, said  
jolly Robin,  
Get you home most speedily;  
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,  
For the sake of the 'squires all  
three. (goes,  
Then hold Robin for Nottingham  
For Nottingham town goes he,  
There did he meet with a poor beg-  
gar man, (way.  
He came creeping along the high-  
What news? what news? thou old  
beggar man,  
What news? come tell unto me.  
O, there's weeping and wailing in  
Nottingham, (three.  
For the death of the 'squires all  
The beggar man had a coat on his  
back, (red;  
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor  
Bold Robin Hood thought it was  
no disgrace  
To be in a beggar-man's stead.  
Bold



Bold Robin Hood then unto Not-  
tingham came,  
Unto Nottingham town came he,  
O there he did meet with great mas-  
ter sheriff,  
And likewise the squires all three.  
One boon, one boon, said jolly Ro-  
One boon I beg on my knee, [bin,  
That as for the death of these three  
squires,  
Their hangman I may be.  
Soon granted, soon granted, said  
master sheriff,  
Soon granted unto thee;  
And you shall have all their gay  
cloathing,  
Aye, and all their white money.  
O I will have none of their gay  
cloathing,  
Nor none of their white money,

But I'll have three blasts on my  
bugle horn, [flee.  
That their souls to heaven may  
Then Robin Hood mounted the gal-  
lows so high,  
Where he blew loud and shrill,  
Till one hundred and ten of Robin  
Hood's men  
Came marching down the green  
hill. (sheriff,  
Whose men are they? says master  
Whose men are they? tell to me.  
O they are mine, but none of thine,  
And are come for the squires  
three.  
O take them, O take them, says  
great master sheriff,  
O take them along with thee,  
For there's never a man in Notting-  
Can do the like of thee. [ham,



25. *The KING's Disguise, and Friendship w. ROBIN HOOD.*

To a Northern Tune.



**K**ING Richard hearing of the  
pranks  
Of Robin Hood and his men,  
He much admir'd, and more desir'd  
To see both him and them.  
Then, with a dozen of his lords,  
To Nottingham he rode;  
When he came there he made good  
cheer,  
And took up his abode.  
He having staid there some time,

But had no hopes to speed,  
He and his lords, with one accord,  
All put on Monk's weeds,  
From Fountain Abbey they did ride  
Down to Barnsdale,  
Where Robin Hood prepared good  
All company to assail.  
The King was higher than the rest,  
And Robin thought he had  
The Abbot been, whom he had seen,  
To

To rob him he was glad.  
 He took the King's horse by the  
 head.  
 Abbot, says he, abide;  
 I am bound to sue such knaves as  
 live in pomp and pride.  
 But we are messengers from the  
 King,  
 The King himself did say;  
 Near to this place his Royal Grace  
 To speak with thee does stay.  
 God save the King, said Robin  
 Hood,  
 And all that wish him well!  
 He that does deny his sovereignty,  
 I wish he was in hell!  
 Thyself thou curstest, said the King  
 For thou a traitor art.  
 Nay, but that you are his messenger,  
 I swear you lye in heart;  
 For I never yet hurt any man  
 That honest is and true,  
 But those that give their minds to  
 prey  
 Upon other men's due.  
 I never hurt the husbandman,  
 That use to till the ground;  
 Nor spill the blood that range the  
 wood  
 To follow hawk or hound:  
 My chiefest spite to clergy is,  
 Who in these days bear a great  
 sway,  
 With friars and monks, with their  
 chiefest sprunks,  
 I make my chiefest prey.  
 But I'm very glad, said Robin Hood,  
 That I have met you here;  
 Come, before we end, you shall,  
 my friend,  
 Taste of our greenwood cheer.  
 The King then he did marvel much,  
 And so did all his men,  
 They thought, with fear, what  
 kind of cheer  
 Robin would provide for them.  
 Robin took the King's horse by the  
 head,  
 And led him to the tent,  
 Thou wouldst not be so used,  
 quoth he.  
 But that my King thee sent;  
 Nay more than that, said Robin  
 Hood,  
 For good King Richard's sake,  
 If you had as much gold as ever I  
 told,  
 I would not one penny take.  
 Then Robin set his horn to his  
 mouth,  
 And a loud blast he did blow,  
 Till one hundred and ten of Robin  
 Hood's men  
 Came marching all on a row.  
 And when they came bold Robin  
 before,  
 Each man did bend his knee,  
 O, thought the King, 'tis a gallant  
 thing,  
 And a seemly sight to see;  
 Within himself the King did say,  
 These men of Robin Hood's  
 More humble be than mine to me,  
 So the court may learn of the  
 woods.  
 So then they all to dinner went,  
 Upon a carpet green,  
 Black, yellow, red, fine mangled,  
 Most curious to be seen.  
 Venison and fowls were plenty there,  
 With fish out of the river;  
 King Richard swore on sea or shore  
 He ne'er was feasted better.  
 Then Robin takes a can of ale,  
 Come let us now begin,  
 Come every man shall have his can,  
 Here's a health unto the King!  
 The King himself did drink to the  
 King,  
 So round about it went, (fate,  
 Two barrels of ale, both stout and  
 To pledge that health was spent,  
 And after that a bowl of wine  
 In his hand took Robin Hood,  
 Until I die I'll drink wine, said he,  
 While I live in the green wood.  
 Bend all your bows, said Robin  
 Hood,  
 And



And with the grey goose wing,  
Such sport now shew, as you would  
do

In the presence of the King.  
They shewed such brave archery,  
By cleaving sticks and wands,  
That the King did say, such men  
as they

Live not in many lands.  
Well Robin Hood, then said the  
King,

If I could thy pardon get,  
To serve the King in every thing  
Would'st thou thy mind firm set?  
Yes, with all my heart, bold Ro-  
bin said,

So they flung off their hoods,  
To serve the King in every thing  
They swore they would spend  
their bloods;

For a clergyman was first my bane,  
Which makes me hate them all,  
But if you'll be so kind to me,  
Love them again I shall.

The King no longer could forbear,  
For he was mov'd with truth,  
I am thy King, thy sovereign King,  
That appears before you all.

When Robin saw that it was he,  
Strait then he down did fall.  
Stand up again, then said the King,  
I'll thee thy pardon give;

Stand up, my friend, who can con-  
tend,

When I give leave to live?  
So they are all gone to Nottingham,  
All shouting as they came;

But when the people them did see,  
They thought the King was slain,  
And for that cause the outlaws were  
come

To rule all as they list;  
And for to shun, which way to run  
The people did not wist.

The ploughman left the plough in  
the fields,

The smith ran from his shop;

Old folks also, that scarce could go,  
Over their sticks did hop.

The King soon let them understand  
He had been in the green wood,  
And from that day for evermore  
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

When the people they did hear,  
And the truth was known,  
They all did sing, God save the  
King!

Hang care! the town's our own.  
Wha's that Robin Hood, then said  
the sheriff,

That varlet I do hate,  
Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,  
And serv'd us all with one plate.  
Ho! ho! said Robin, I know what  
you mean,

Come take your gold again,  
Be friends with me, and I with thee,  
And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid,  
And since you are the beginner,  
As well may you give me my due,  
For you ne'er paid me for my  
dinner.

But if that you should please the  
king,

So much your house to grace;  
To sup with you, for to speak true,  
I know you ne'er was base,  
The sheriff could not gainsay,  
For a trick was put upon him;  
A supper was dress'd and the King  
was guest.

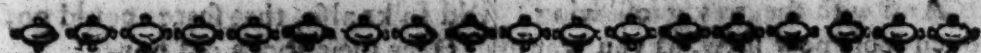
But he thought 'twould have un-  
done him.

They are all gone to London court,  
Robin Hood, with all his train,  
He once was there a noble peer,  
And now he's there again.

Many such pranks bold Robin  
play'd

While he lived in the green wood:  
Now my friends attend, and hear  
an end

Of honest Robin Hood.



## 26. ROBIN HOOD and the Golden Arrow.



**W**HEN the sheriff of Notting-  
ham,

Was come with mickle grief,  
He talked no good of Robin Hood,  
That strong and sturd, chief.

Fa la dal de ril de ra.  
So unto London road he pass'd,  
His losses to unfold

To King Richard, who did regard  
The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall  
I do?

Art thou not sheriff for me?  
The law is in force, go take thy  
course

Of them that injure thee:  
Go get thee gone, and by thyself  
Devise some tickling game,

For to enthal yon rebels all,  
Go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,  
And by the way he thought

Of the words of the king, and how  
the thing

To pass might well be brought:  
For within his mind he imagined

That when such matches were,  
Those outlaws stout, without all  
doubt,

Would be the bowmen there,  
So an arrow with a golden head,

And shaft of silver white,  
Who won the day should bear away

For his own proper right.  
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood  
Under the greenwood tree,  
Come prepare you then, my merry  
men,

We'll go yon sport to see.  
With that stepp'd forth a brave  
young man.

David of Doncaster,  
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,

From the greenwood we'll not  
stir;

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd  
Yon match it is a wile,

The sheriff I wils, deviseh this  
Us archers to beguile,

Thou smellst it of a coward, said Ro-  
bin Hood,

Thy words do not please me;  
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill

At yon brave archery.  
O then bespoke brave Little John,

Come let us thinner gang,  
Come listen to me how it shall be,

That we need not be kenn'd;  
Our mantles of Lincoln green

Behind us we will leave,  
We'll dress us all so several

They shall not us perceive,  
One shall wear white, another red,

One yellow, another blue;  
Thus in disguise, to the exercise

We'll gang, whate'er ensue.

Forth



Forth from the greenwood they are  
gone,  
With hearts full firm and stout.  
Resolving with the sheriff's men  
To have a hearty bout.  
So themselves they mixed with the  
rest,  
To prevent all suspicion;  
For if they should together holdy,  
They thought it no discretion.  
So the sheriff looking round about,  
Amongst eight hundred men,  
But could not see what he  
Had long suspected then.  
Some said, if Robin Hood was here,  
And all his men to boot,  
Sure none of them could pass these  
men,  
So bravely they do shoot.  
Aye, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd  
his head,  
I thought he would have been  
here;  
I thought he would, but though  
he's bold,  
He durst not now appear.  
That word grieved Robin Hood to  
the heart,  
He vexed in his blood;  
Ere long, thought he, thou shalt  
well see  
That here was Robin Hood.  
Some cried blue jacket, another  
cried brown,  
And the third cried brave yellow,  
But the fourth man said, yon man  
in red  
In this place has no fellow.  
For that was Robin Hood himself,  
For he was cloath'd in red,  
At every shot the prize he got,  
For he was both sure and dead.  
So the arrow with the golden head,

And shaft of silver white,  
Brave Robin Hood wony and bore  
with him  
For his own proper right;  
These outlaws there that very day,  
To shun all kinds of doubt,  
By three or four, no less nor more,  
As they went in came out,  
Until they all assembled were  
Under the green-wood shade,  
Where they relate, in pleasant sport,  
What brave pastime they made.  
Says Robin Hood, all my care is  
How that yon sheriff may  
Know certainly, that it was I  
That bore his arrow away.  
Says Little John, my counsel's good,  
It did take effect before;  
So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
I will advise once more. (Hood,  
Speak on, speak on, said Robin  
Thy wit's both quick and sound.  
This I advise, said Little John,  
That a letter shall be penn'd,  
And when it is done, to Nottingham  
You to the sheriff shall send.  
That is well advised said Robin  
But how must it be sent? (Hood,  
Pho! when you please it's done with  
Master, be you content, (ease,  
I'll stick it on my arrow's head,  
And shoot it into the town,  
The mark shall show where it must  
Whenever it lights down. (go,  
The project it was full perform'd,  
The sheriff that letter had, (head,  
Which when he read, he scratch'd his  
And rav'd like one that's mad.  
So we'll leave him chafing in his  
grease,  
Which will do him no good.  
Now, my friends, attend, and hear  
Of honest Robin Hood. (the end





27. *ROBIN HOOD and the valiant KNIGHT; together with an Account of his Death and Burial.*

Tune of—Robin Hood and the fifteen Forest rs.



**W**HEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,  
 Derry, derry, down.  
 Had reigned many years, [bold  
 The king was then told they had been  
 To his bishops and noble peers;  
 Hey down, derry, derry, down.  
 Therefore they called a council of  
 state,  
 To know what was to be done  
 For to quell their pride; or else  
 they reply'd  
 The land would be over-run.  
 Having consulted a whole summer's  
 At length it was agreed, [day,  
 That one should be sent to try the  
 event,  
 And fetch him away with speed.  
 Therefore a trusty and a worthy  
 knight  
 The king was pleased to call,  
 Sir William by name, when to him  
 he came,  
 He told him his pleasure all.  
 Go from hence to bold Robin Hood,  
 And bid him, without more ado,  
 Surrender himself, or else the proud  
 Shall suffer, with all his crew. [all  
 Take here a hundred bowmen brave,  
 All chosen men of might, [part,  
 Of excellent art, for to take thy  
 In glittering armour bright.

Then said the knight, my sovereign  
 liege,  
 By me they shall be led, [Hood,  
 I'll venture my blood against Robin  
 And bring him alive or dead.  
 One hundred men were chosen strait,  
 As proper as men e'er saw, [away,  
 On midsummer-day they marched  
 To conquer that brave outlaw.  
 With long yew bows, and shining  
 spears,  
 They marched in mickle pride,  
 And never delay'd, or halted, or  
 stay'd, [hid.  
 Till they came to the green-wood  
 Said he to his archers, tarry here,  
 Your bows make ready all,  
 That if need should be, you may  
 follow me, [call,  
 And see that you observe my  
 I'll go in person first, he cry'd  
 With the letters of my good king,  
 Well sign'd and seal'd, if he will  
 yield,  
 We need not draw one string.  
 He wander'd about, till at length he  
 To the tent of Robin Hood, [came  
 The letter he shews, bold Robin arose  
 And there on his guard he stood.  
 They'd have me surrender, quoth  
 bold Robin Hood,  
 And



And let their mercy then,  
But tell them from me, that never  
shall be (men.

While I have full seven score  
Sir William the knight, both hardy  
and bold,

Did offer to seize him there;  
Which William Locksley by for-  
tune did see,

And bid him that trick forbear.  
Then Robin Hood set his horn to  
his mouth,

And blew out a blast, or twain,  
And so did the knight, at which  
there in fight

The archers came all a-ma-  
Sir William with care drew up his  
men

And placed them in battle array;  
Bold Robin we find, he was not be-  
hind:

Now was a bloody fray.  
The archers on both sides bent their  
bows,

And the clouds of arrows flew,  
The very first fight that honoured  
knight,

He did there bid the world adieu:  
Yet nevertheless their fight did last  
From morning till almost noon;

Both parties were stout, and loth to  
give out:

This was on the thirtieth of June.  
At length they went off: one party  
they went

For London, with right good  
will;

And Robin Hood he to the green-  
wood tree,

And there he was taken ill.  
He sent for a monk, who let him  
blood,

And took his life away;  
Now this being done, his archers  
did run,

It was not a time to stay.  
Some went on board, and cross'd  
the seas,

To Flanders, France, and Spain,  
And others to Rome, for fear of  
their doom,

But soon returned again.  
Thus he, that never fear'd bow nor  
spear,

Was murder'd by letting of  
blood.

And so, loving friend, the story  
doth end

Of valiant bold Robin Hood.  
There's nothing remains but his  
Epitaph now,

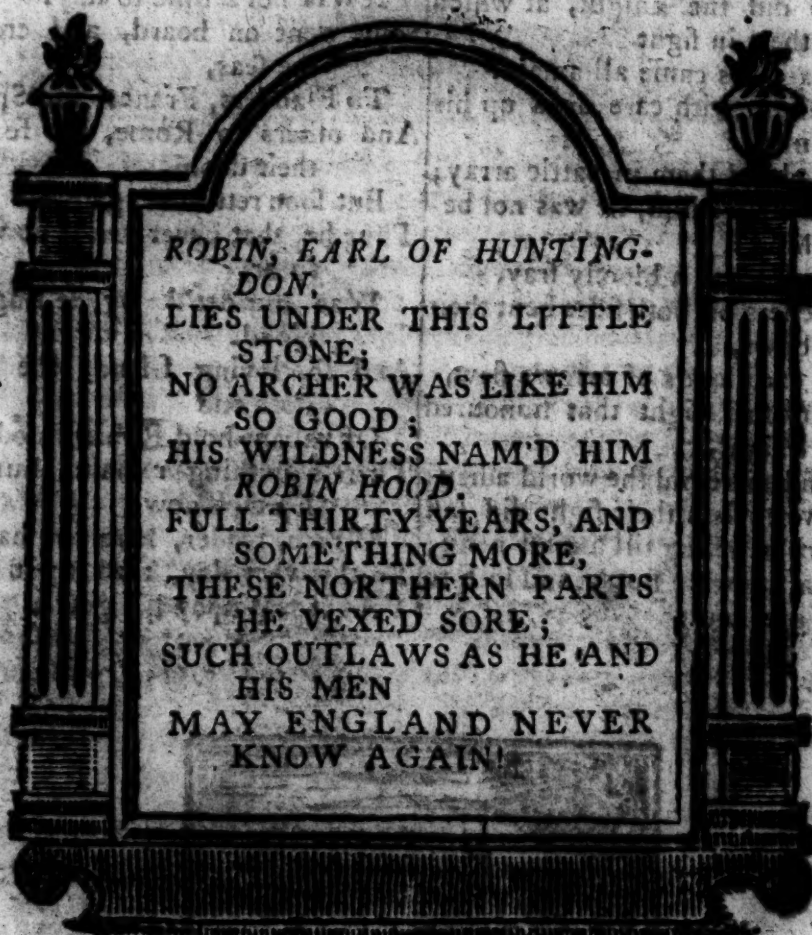
Which, reader, here you have,  
To this very day, read it you may,  
As it was upon his grave.





ROBIN HOOD'S  
EPI TAPH.

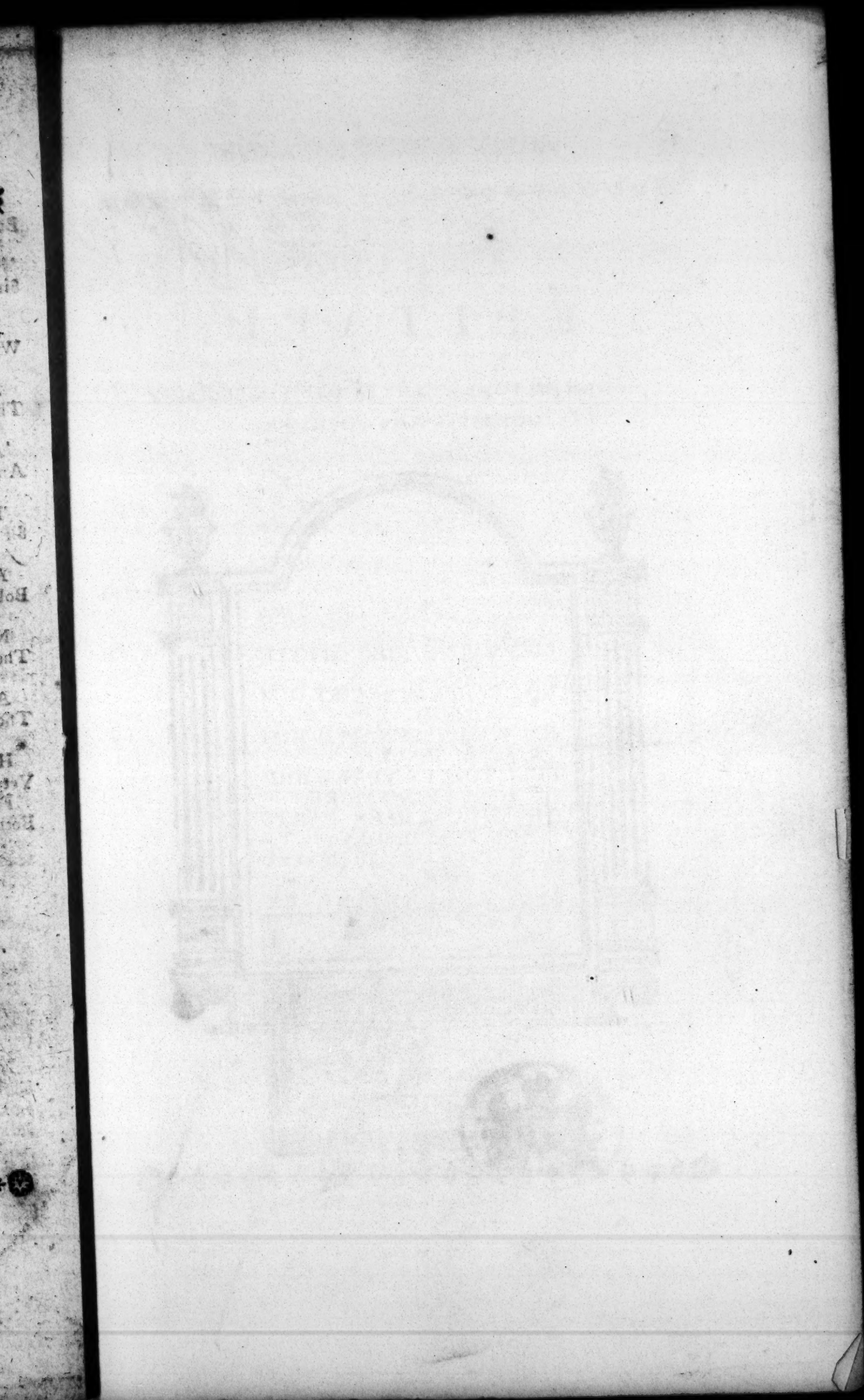
SET ON HIS TOMB BY THE PRIORESS OF BIRKSLEY  
MONASTERY, IN YORKSHIRE.



THE END.







ROBIN LINDSEY'S SALON

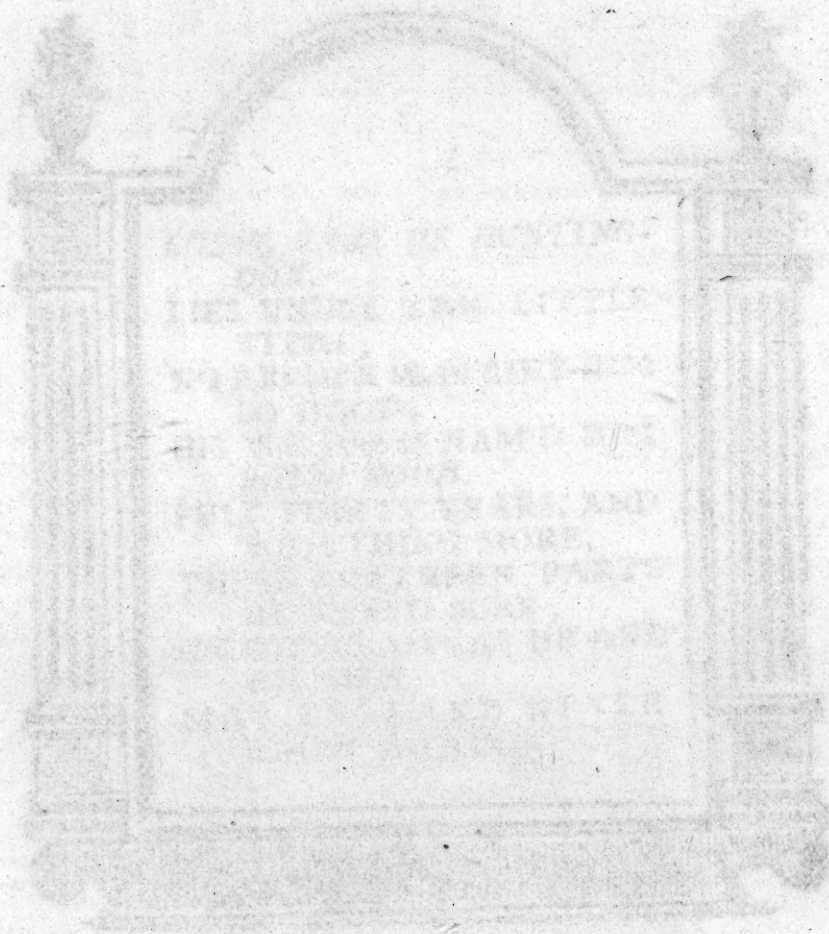
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ROBIN LINDSEY

EPITAPH

LET US BE TOLD BY THE TENDER OF HER VOICE

ROBIN LINDSEY, OF VIRGINIA



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